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PAINTED BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHEIN



**N**O apparel more fittingly proclaims its individual worth. These Kuppenheimer coats stand out boldly to challenge your impartial comparison.

Let your own eyes judge the desirability of these styles. The proof of supremacy is in the test of inspection.

Now being shown by the better clothiers everywhere.

Our book, "Styles for Men," sent upon request.

**The House of Kuppenheimer**  
Chicago New York Boston





# Big Ben



*Life Size*

**Alarm clocks and successful men,  
know one another well--Big Ben**

**I**T'S Big Ben's business to get people up in the world—it's Big Ben's business to get them up in time.

He does it loyally, steadily and promptly—there's a true ring to his morning greeting that makes early risers sit up and take notice.

And every morn, America over, Big Ben awakens men who are getting up in the world—men who are

setting the pace for the rest of the field—men who strike their stride at the flash of the gun.

“Morning ginger—get it men, great business stuff” says Big Ben.

Big Ben is a thin, beautiful and punctual sleepmeter.—He is easy to read, easy to wind and pleasing to hear.—He calls you every day at any time you say.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.* If you cannot find him at your jeweler a money order addressed to them will bring him to you, express charges prepaid.

**\$2.50**

*Sold by Jewelers only. Three Dollars in Canada.*



ORIGINAL PLANT 1902

RIM AND TIRE PLANT

**Non-skid in fact  
as well as in name—  
"Firestone"  
NON-SKID TIRES**

LOOK at the tread. The mass of sharp edges, angles, ridges and hollows show you why this tire won't let your car skid or slide, no matter how slippery the street.

This thick raised lettering is all extra. After it is all worn down you still have left a regular smooth tread, giving you an extra mileage that no other tire can offer.

The world's record for durability and speed is held by Firestone tires—and the Non-Skid combines this wear-resisting quality of rubber with the only tread construction that is non-skid in fact as well as in name.

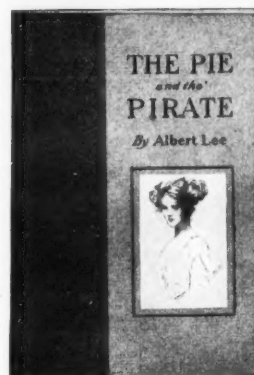
Only slightly higher in price than our regular tread—your safety and economy demand the use of Firestone Non-Skid Tires.

**The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.**  
"America's largest exclusive tire and rim makers"  
Akron, O. and all Principal Cities.

NEW PLANT—CONTAINS THE LARGEST TIRE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

## THE PIE and the PIRATE

By ALBERT LEE



IT is a merry tale, cleverly illustrated, and beautifully printed on antique deckle-edge paper. Don't forget to ask for it to-day at the book stores, 50 cents; or mailed direct for 55 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON  
PUBLISHERS  
416 W. 13th St., N. Y.

## Get out your shears

and clip off the coupon at the lower left-hand corner of this announcement. Then fill in your name and address and mail it. That's all you need to do to bring to yourself, absolutely free of charge and without reservation of any sort, the book here illustrated. It is a beautifully printed little volume of 64 pages, and is one of the most valuable and most delightfully written books about books that has ever been published. Its primary purpose is to present an adequate explanation and description of The Harvard Classics,

### The Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books

BUT it has turned out to be such a useful work in itself that we want every lover of books among Collier's readers to have a copy of it. It is not a mere catalogue of titles and authors, but is a chatty, readable summary, such as a college professor might give after lecture hours, stating why certain authors and certain works were chosen and going into a discussion of those authors and those works.

It is a book full of literary suggestion. Showing as it does a consensus of trained opinion as to the finest volumes of the world's literature and history—for it represents the views, not only of Dr. Eliot, but of a distinguished group of fellow educators—it should prove of wonderful service in the library of any reader. In itself it is a literary guide and summary of a character that no book lover can afford to neglect.

If you care at all about books we want you to send for this booklet, even if you have no intention of interesting yourself in the Five-Foot Shelf. The booklets are going fast, and if you delay you may have to wait some weeks for the completion of the next edition. So our only suggestion is that you act promptly—if you can't find your shears, tear the coupon off now, as you sit here reading, and mail it to-day



11-11-11

P. F. Collier  
& Son  
416 W. 13th Street  
New York

Please send to me by mail,  
free of charge, the 64-page  
book describing The Harvard  
Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot  
Shelf of Books.

Name.....

Address.....

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## SAFE — infallible.

Safe because it simply *can not* be fired except with deliberate intent—nothing to adjust (or forget)—you don't have to "make it safe" for it can't be anything but safe. Proof—the famous "Hammer the Hammer" test.

The action is infallible—permanent tension, unbreakable *wire springs* impart a smoothness, speed and certainty of action equaled in no other firearm. Catalog shows ten models. \$6 to \$10.

## IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

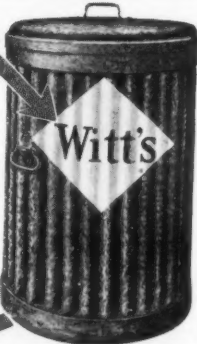
Iver Johnson's  
Arms  
& Cycle Works  
146 River Street  
Fitchburg, Mass.  
Phil. B. Beckett Co., San Francisco



## Witt's Can

for Ashes  
and Garbage

Witt's galvanized, corrugated steel can outlasts two ordinary cans. It is fire and rust-proof, keeps in the smells, keeps out rats, cats, dogs, and flies. Look for the yellow label Witt's. Three sizes of both can and pail. At all dealers or direct. Address THE WITT CORP., Dept. 7, 2118-24 Winchester Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



## Maxim Silencer



**Specify Silencer equipment on your new rifle**  
Checks the muzzle blast, preventing report noise and recoil. Wonderful aid to marksmanship. Makes rifle practice possible anywhere. Attaches to any rifle. Write make, model and caliber of your rifle (giving dealer's name). We will tell you what silencer you need, price, etc.

Ask any sporting goods dealer to show you one  
35 Park Row  
Maxim Silent Firearms Co., New York City

## Here's a Most Ideal Christmas Gift

Very Decorative and Useful



Every good housekeeper throughout the land would rejoice to receive such a chest as this on Christmas morn. No gift so acceptable as a Southern Red Cedar Chest. Highly ornamental and protects furs, clothing, etc., against moths, mice, dust and damp. Sold DIRECT from our factory at factory prices. Freight prepaid. 15 days' FREE TRIAL. Send for catalog showing many styles of chests, wardrobe trunks and prices. Ask for beautiful booklet: "The Story of Red Cedar." FREDERICK RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. R, Statesville, N. C.

## WE BUY FURS AND HIDES

10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs, Hides and Cattle Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, market report, shipping tags. \$10,000 BOOK Hunters and Trappers' Guide Best thing on the subject ever written. Illustrating all Fur Animals. Leather bound, 420 pages. Price \$2.00. To Hide and Fur Shippers, \$1.25. Write today. ANDERSON BROS., Dept. 13, Minneapolis, Minn.



# Collier's



Saturday, November 11, 1911

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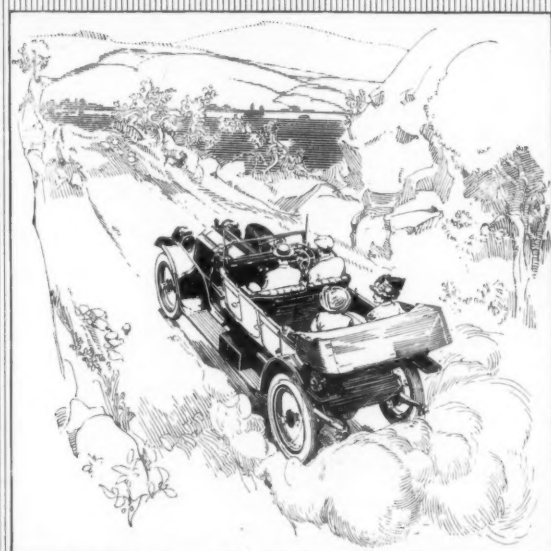
VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 6

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Starbuck's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

## The BOSS of the ROAD



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



I Want Some of

## THE BLACK SHELLS

When you say that to your dealer you'll see him smile, for he'll know there's another member in the "Sure-Shot Club"—another customer for him who knows good ammunition. Oh, they are all joining, for one by one they are giving the BLACK SHELLS a trial and are learning for themselves what these better shells will do for their scores.

The success of the BLACK SHELLS didn't "just happen." There are reasons why they give the men who try them the best shooting they've ever known. Here are a few of the reasons—look 'em over:

The primer used in the BLACK SHELLS contains no mercury and no ground glass. The results are quickness and uniformity—better scores and bigger bags. You doubt it? Try it.

Fractions of a second count when you are after a bird on the wing—that's why we make the Flash Passage (the hole in the head through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge) 100% larger than in ordinary shells. There's no chance for hang-fire there. BLACK SHELLS have a solid head and are really waterproof. Even a ducking won't hurt them.

There are three classes of BLACK SHELLS: ROMAX, a black powder shell with 5/16-inch base.

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has one-half-inch base.

AJAX is the highest grade smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made. Has a long one-inch brass base.

Send for book about shells. If you enclose 10 cents we will send a beautiful colored poster, 20 x 30 inches, called "October Days." Sure to please every shooter.



Dept. 9

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

You save over 50% on the cost of your Boat if you use our "Easy to Build" system

We do all the hard work by machinery. Your part is easy and simple. Our complete illustrated Bulletin on "Boat Building Made Easy" tells you all about it—explains everything in simple language. Send for it today. We design and build all kinds of boats—Speed Boats, Launches, Cruisers, Tugs, Passenger Boats and Two-Cycle Marine Engines of various sizes.

Valley Boat and Engine Co.  
26 Hess Street  
Saginaw Mich.



Furniture at Less Than Half Dealers' Price  
Shipped in finished sections. You can set up any piece in a half hour. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
Furniture catalog of 100 bargains, free.

\$25.00 Buys the Frame of This 23 Foot Launch  
Including Full Sized Patterns and Illustrated Instructions to Finish.

Anyone can build a boat by the Brooks System. We furnish all materials shaped.  
Send for free boat catalog.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 111 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

SCOTCH CALABASH PIPES Price 50 cents each or 3 for \$1.00, postpaid.

Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.  
THE ROYAL PIPE CO.  
240 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.



Stamps taken.

## Just right heating



The heating question must be faced in every home. It is usually easy to tell on bitter cold days by the faces of your neighbors which of them are enduring the ills and paying the bills of old-fashioned heating, and which are in best mental poise because of having begun the preparation for the day's work in rooms genially comforted by AMERICAN Radiators and IDEAL Boilers. The family bread-winners are handicapped in the business competition with others unless they start the day in physical comfort. Then, too, an evening in a cold house is poor place for relaxation, or mental preparation to improve one's position or earnings.

## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

are no longer called "luxuries," because in thousands of instances they are proving to be an economy for any home, however small. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators provide uniform warmth in all rooms, far and near, and under perfect control. They bring no ashes, dust or coal-gases into the living-rooms. They are noiseless, absolutely safe, and will outlast the house. They require no more caretaking in heating 5 to 15 rooms than to run a stove for one room. Their fuel saving, cleanliness, and protection to family health soon repay the cost of the outfit.

All raw materials used in the manufacture of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are subjected to severe inspection in our Testing Laboratories. This testing, together with our own specially built, exclusive, automatic machinery, and running our factories regularly throughout the year, enable us to produce the uniform, highest standard of product which has made our heating outfits so world-famous. This sole effort to make the best has naturally brought great volume of business and enables us to put the price within reach of all. Most important—do not overlook the fact that IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are fully guaranteed.



A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$1425, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Face the heating question to-day, and settle it for once and all—whether your building is old or new—farm or town. Learn how to get best heating and most comfort for least money. Ask for book (free): "Ideal Heating Investments."

Public showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 31 CHICAGO

IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL IDEAL

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 44

A FEW days ago I received a letter from one of the readers of Collier's, complaining bitterly against the selling methods of one of our advertisers.

Knowing the advertiser as well as I do enabled me to say positively that the complaint could not be justified by any breach of faith on his part, and it developed that I was right and the complainant was mistaken.

Concerns that have won national prestige have been careful in selecting their advertising mediums. These publications have given the advertisers prestige. They, on the other hand, have endorsed the periodicals with every use of their columns.

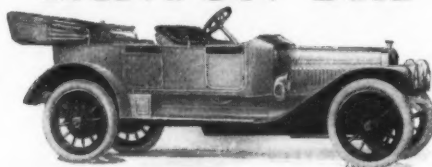
The advertisers' dealings with customers beget confidence, not only for themselves, but for the publications they are using, and you, the reader, are the one who benefits by this constant striving for quality and reliability.

F. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

## The Original Self-Cranking Motor

## WINTON SIX



EVERYBODY'S talking self-cranking and self-starting motors now as though they were some new thing.

To most makes they are new—and unproved.

But the Winton Six has always had a self-cranking motor.

¶ The very first Winton Six, marketed in June, 1907, had a self-cranking motor, and so has every Winton Six since then.

With four years of success to its credit, the Winton Six self-cranking system is free from the ifs and the risks.

¶ There are no foreign gases or spark shifting to injure the motor.

The pistons are put into motion before the charge ignites. That saves the motor many a hard explosion blow.

¶ The Winton Six was the first self-cranking car in the world, just as it was also the

first Six in the world to be manufactured in a plant producing Sixes exclusively.

The Winton Six showed the way, and the rest of them are following the leader.

¶ When you buy a Winton Six you can have in your service the original and the leader itself.

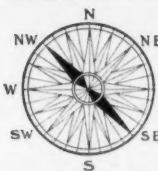
¶ The Winton Six has 48 horse-power, a beautiful, spacious, comfortable four-door body with operating levers inside, electric dash and tail lights, 130 inch wheel base, 36x4½ inch tires all around, and Booth Demountable rims.

Price \$3000. Compare it with cars selling at \$5000 and upward.

Shall we send you our library-size catalog?

The Winton Motor Car. Co.  
101 Berea Road Cleveland, Ohio

NEW YORK, Broadway at 20th St. CHICAGO, Michigan Ave. at 12th St. BOSTON, 674 Commonwealth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 246-248 N. Broad St. BALTIMORE, Md. Royal at North Ave. PITTSBURGH, Baum at Bostwick St. CLEVELAND, 1228 Huron Road. DETROIT, 998 Woodward Ave. KANSAS CITY, 3326-3330 Main St. MINNEAPOLIS, 16-22 Eighth St. N. SAN FRANCISCO, 309 Van Ness Ave. SEATTLE, 1000-1006 Pike St.



## The Divided Risk In Real Estate Investments

If you knew a certain town would become a great city, you could make large profits by investing in building lots in that town.

But as no one can predict the future of any one town with absolute certainty, you take a large risk in making such an investment.

We believe we know of seventeen towns in the Pacific Northwest which will become great cities. We picked these towns from over three hundred, which we personally investigated. All are on new railroads—all have great natural resources: coal, timber, mining and agriculture. They are the best towns in the great Northwestern country.

We offer you five large, well located building lots, one in each of five of these selected towns, at attractive prices—easy payments if you prefer. No interest; we pay all taxes.

This is the safest form of real estate investment. It affords greater ultimate profits than any investment of equal size. It divides the risk by five and multiplies the profit by five.

If you recognize the soundness of the Divided Risk principle and want to know more about the Northwest, about our selected towns—and about our selling plan and business integrity—we invite you to write us. Don't write out of mere curiosity.

Competent Salesmen Can Arrange  
To Represent Us In Their Districts

Northwest Townsite Company  
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.



## Bridge Don'ts



BY  
WALTER CAMP



A handy little book by Walter Camp, gives in condensed form for busy people the essential points you ought to know. All the useful rules for play have been collected and classified under headings such as "Don'ts for No Trump Makes," "Don'ts for Leads," etc., etc. Your game can be improved 100% by following these rules. Attractive as it is useful. Send copies to your friends.

NOW READY

A CONDENSED BOOK ON BRIDGE  
FOR THE BUSY MAN

35 cents net Postage 3 cents  
All booksellers

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers, New York

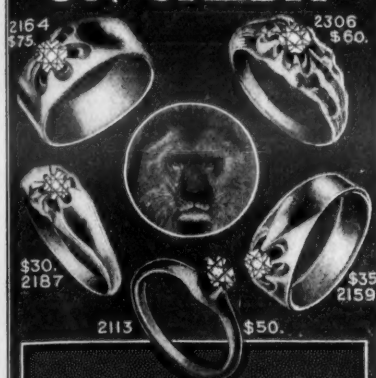
## 65 Xmas Novelties for 10¢

Post Cards, Tags, Labels, Seals & Stamps  
An assortment that is really worth 25¢. Sixty-five separate pieces, consisting of 3 Embossed Post Cards; 4 Xmas Tags; 1 Gilded Xmas Label; 24 Gilded Xmas Post Stamps; and 32 Gilded Xmas Seals—all printed in colors and gold in many handsome designs. Everybody wants one or more of these packages, for they can use the Seals in wrapping Xmas presents; Labels and Tags for addressing packages, and Post Cards to send Xmas greetings or for notifying friends that a present is on the way. AGENTS WANTED  
2 packs for 25¢; 7 for 50¢; 15 for \$1.00.  
ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 612, 638 Lawrence Ave., CHICAGO.

For the real truth about  
PATENTS  
Write, Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence  
502 F. Street  
Washington, D. C.  
Established Fifty years—Useful Booklet FREE



# DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

Established 1843

**J·M·LYON & CO.**  
71-73 NASSAU ST. N.Y.



## A Helping Hand

The I. C. S. actually takes the working man by the hand and helps him to prosperity.

You may be working under such circumstances that advance seems impossible, but the I. C. S. will show you how to GO UP. You may now have a fairly good position, but you can go still higher. Just follow the example set by thousands of I. C. S. men who have made good and are making good.

Every month an average of over 400 students of the International Correspondence Schools voluntarily report an increase in their earnings.

Think of a man who a short time ago was earning but \$10 a week and is now earning five times that amount. Think of a day laborer being qualified as a superintendent as the result of I. C. S. training.

These are not exceptional cases. There are thousands of them. The I. C. S. will tell you who they are.

Mark and mail the coupon at once, and the I. C. S. will offer you special advantages.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS  
Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Automobile Running</li> <li>Mine Superintendent</li> <li>Mine Foreman</li> <li>Plumbing, Steam Fitting</li> <li>Concrete Construction</li> <li>Civil Engineer</li> <li>Textile Manufacturing</li> <li>Stationary Engineer</li> <li>Telephone Expert</li> <li>Mechanical Engineer</li> <li>Mechanical Draftsman</li> <li>Architectural Draftsman</li> <li>Electrical Engineer</li> <li>Elec. Lighting Supt.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Civil Service</li> <li>Spanish</li> <li>Architect</li> <li>Chemist</li> <li>French</li> <li>German</li> <li>Italian</li> <li>Commercial English</li> <li>Building Contractor</li> <li>Industrial Designing</li> <li>Commercial Illustrating</li> <li>Window Trimming</li> <li>Show Card Writing</li> <li>Advertising Man</li> <li>Stenographer</li> <li>Bookkeeper</li> <li>Poultry Farming</li> </ul>
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# COLLIER'S

for November 18

## Thanksgiving Number Editorial Bulletin



In addition to the Editorials and the regular departments of "What the World is Doing," "Comment on Congress," and "The Average Man's Money," it will contain the following:

### The Cover Design

By GARTH JONES

### Let Him Give Thanks.

A Frontispiece

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

With a Decoration by Ernest Haskell

### Gold

A Poem

By ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

### The Horn of Plenty

A Story

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Illustrated in Color

By CLARA ELSENE PECK and J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

### Steady, Now!

A Double-Page Painting in Color

By A. B. FROST

With a Decorative Frame by Franklin Booth

### The Lust for Gold

Full Page in Color

By HENRY McCARTER

### Ab Eads's Milk-Fed Pumpkin

A Page of Comics in Color

By F. G. COOPER

### Buck-Eye Bridge and the Big Turkey

A Story

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

Illustrated in Color

By RODNEY THOMSON



# COMFY Footwear



## The Peerless

A Comfy-Felt slipper trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. Very handsome and of course very "comfy."

Women's, Black, Red, Brown, Light and Dark Gray, Purple, Wine, Old Rose, Lavender, Taupe, Pink, Wistaria, and Light Blue . . . . . Price \$1.50 Delivered



## Picture Comfys

For Children

Dutch Kids and Rabbit . . . . . Brown, Blue, Dark Gray, Red, Wine, Brown and Black . . . . . Price \$1.25, Child's \$1.10, Delivered



## The Tailor-Made

Women's, Navy Blue, Light and Dark Gray, Red, Wine, Brown and Black . . . . . Price \$1.25  
Men's, Red, Brown, Navy Blue and Dark Gray . . . . . \$1.50 Delivered

Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue No. 31, showing many new styles.

**Dan'l Green Felt Shoe Co.**  
110-112 East 13th St., New York

## Cardinal Gibbons says



I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

## Manual of Prayers

The John Murphy Company is now making a special offer of the Manual of Prayers, in fine Morocco binding, together with a rolled gold chain Rosary, for \$3.00.

The Manual is bound in Morocco leather, with limp back, round corners, red under gold edges. The Rosary is a beautiful piece of goldsmithing.

Send today to the

**JOHN MURPHY COMPANY**  
200 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

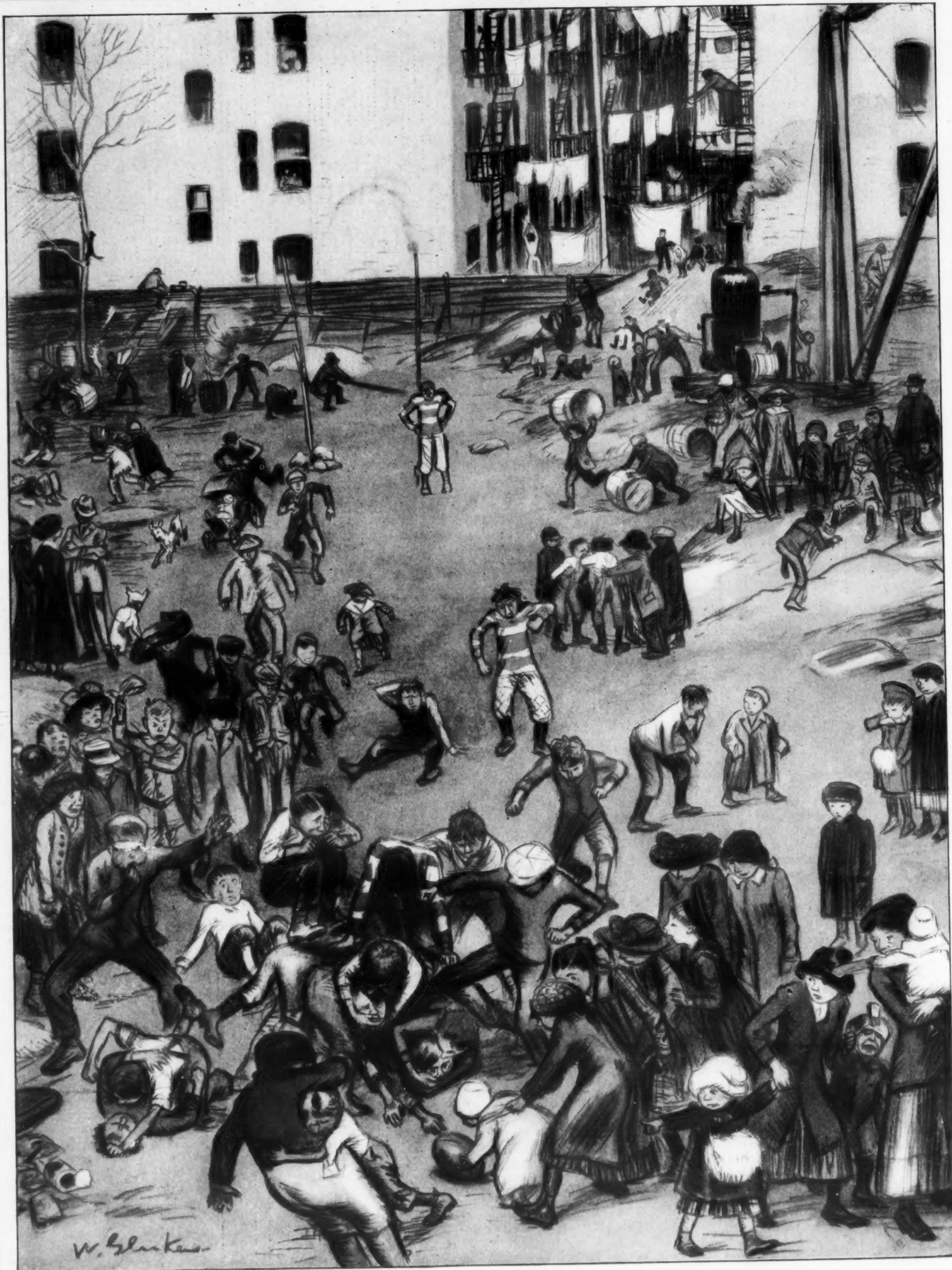
## Hill's "Hustler" Ash Sifter

Sifts ashes quickly without muss or fuss. So easy a child can do it. Saves coal, work, time and dirt.

Soon pays for itself. Fits ordinary barrel or iron can. Lasts a lifetime. Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

Send now for interesting, descriptive Folder No. 2.  
**HILL-DRYER CO.**  
202 Park Ave.  
Worcester, Mass.

**Learn Write**  
I TEACH BY MAIL. WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write today. Address: F. W. TAMBLYN, 416 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



COPYRIGHT 1911 BY P. F. COLLIER &amp; SON

## For the Championship of the Back-Lot League

DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
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November 11, 1911

### The Real Thing

SILENT, DETERMINED FIGURES, the WRIGHTS shine again in their battles with the air. When the amusement of crowds, or unscientific adventure, has brought about the death of aviators, these brothers have broken their customary silence to speak against "grand-stand play." Turning a splendid conquest into escapade does not appeal to their grave minds. When there is reason for risk, they run it. ORVILLE, hovering above the earth with his new balancing device, endangering himself that others may be safe, has been stirring the imagination of millions. There is plenty of daring in the world. It appeals most when it is shown in service of some worth.

### The Steel Situation

FOR OVER TWO YEARS now there has been upon our desk a printed sheet which necessarily excited the interest of a discerning reader; the most important event of the past few weeks has thrown light upon it; and it in turn throws light far toward the heart of that event. The paper was a circular from a Wall Street banking house offering to investors the bonds of the Duluth, Missabe and Northern Railway Company; it began with these words:

The D., M. and N. is one of the most prosperous railway companies in the world. True. It was—and, up to a recent and conspicuous date, continued to be. In 1908, for example, it paid a dividend of 100 per cent and had a surplus of another 300 per cent. The bond circular was unnecessarily modest. If anybody knows another railroad so prosperous as the D., M. & N., we ask the privilege of recording its name and the degree of its affluence. Most railroads do well if they earn from five to fifteen per cent. The D., M. & N., piqued curiosity, and that curiosity is most readily to be satisfied in various official documents that have come recently from the Bureau of Corporations at Washington, from the Stanley Committee of Congress, and from the Department of Justice. Therein you may learn that the D., M. & N. runs from Duluth to the iron ore fields of northern Minnesota; that it and another road in the same territory and under the same ownership *carry one-half of all the iron ore used in the United States*. Those 400 per cent profits, therefore, are an underlying tax upon every steel maker in the United States, and with equal certainty upon every individual who rents a room in a steel office building or pays a fare for riding on steel rails or over steel bridges.

At this point, this editorial might well stop; it would justify itself as a contribution to the economics of the day. But the real point of the situation lies yet farther below the surface. Once more we quote the bond circular:

*The D., M. and N. Railway Company is controlled by the U. S. Steel Corporation.*

There you have one of those situations which constitute the very heart of the problems of government in America to-day. The Steel Corporation could say, with an unctious that has been characteristic of its public expressions: "We charge the independents the same rate that we charge ourselves." But the freight rate that the Steel Corporation paid out of one pocket came quickly back, through the dividend checks of the D., M. & N., to the other pocket. This case needs only to be understood. In the early nineties the Standard Oil Company used to arrange with the railroads to receive a fixed percentage of the freight tolls *paid by its rivals*—a secret arrangement, cruel and deadly to anyone who attempted to compete with the Standard. In twenty years the spread of economic understanding has crystallized this practice as an economic barbarity and fastened the odium of a nation upon the individuals who live upon its fruits. What the Steel Corporation has been doing does not differ. Only by such devices can monopoly exist.

### China and the World

THE GLOBE BECOMES more uniform. Race differences between Orient and Occident count, but less than once we thought. Institutions and the drift of world opinion count more. With the growth of new views about society and the individual, Japan's military and fatalistic intensity will be modified. With changing ideals sweeping over the whole globe, even China responds. The Oriental mystery has always been exaggerated. China will shed beliefs and customs ages old. She will select among the ideas that are becoming universal,

adapting them to her needs and tastes. The exploiting by the few, in that great nation also, will be diminished. There also government will become the decisions of the many about what they themselves desire.

### Onward

JOSEPH PULITZER was a man of will, imagination, ability. He had a new and fertile thought, and he led the movement toward making the press a widely democratic organ. For his sons much remains. Upon them is the burden of showing originality and strength, like their father, but of applying those qualities to a changing era. The forward spirit that he showed in attacking social feudalism, they will find themselves called upon to apply to the pressing task of helping to take graft and falsehood out of journalism itself. He never cared to do his share toward removing the loan shark and the patent-medicine poisoner, by forbidding them the use of his own columns. The news also needs to be treated with more responsibility. We will give an example from a recent day. A young stenographer, passing from a street car to her home a block away after nightfall, felt a man's fingers clinch about her neck, and when she reached her hands toward the fingers she found that they were very large. Twenty minutes later the girl's mother found her on the sidewalk, weeping hysterically, and able to remember only that she had been strangled. Next day in the "Evening World" it was stated on the authority of an examining physician that the girl's skull was fractured, her jaw broken, her breasts, face, and arms terribly bitten, "as a mad dog might have torn the victim of an infuriated attack," and her body covered with bruises from blows struck by a club of which the girl cried out deliriously; lusty bloodhounds led a horde of officers in uniform and a score of detectives across the countryside. Actually there were no bloodhounds, no pursuing policemen in uniform, no bites, no fractured skull, no broken jaw, no body bruises, and no club. As JOSEPH PULITZER served his generation in his own direction, so his sons, we are sure, will serve a later generation in the light of present morals. They wield a power that is truly vast. May high conduct and success be theirs.

### About Independence

NEW HAMPSHIRE is one of the small number of Eastern States that have strong Insurgent movements. Therefore we enjoy keeping our readers in touch with developments in that State. This displeases the Standpatters, of course. The Manchester "Union" is not a Standpatter, but its editor hopes the Boston and Maine, the Amoskeag Company, Senator GALLINGER, Colonel STREETER, and other powers will give him the Senatorship, so he is acting somewhat hysterically at present. Think of the state of mind of a man who, knowing that up to 1906 the so-called Republican government was government by the Boston and Maine, can speak of "*the long and honorable history of the Republican party of New Hampshire, and its unbroken record of party victories for nearly a generation*." A sweet and enlightened argument, to be sure. PILLSBURY expresses due horror of the initiative, referendum, and recall, as "Democratic" heresies, but his favorite device, when in one of his convulsions, is to attribute the crimes of COLLIER's to some Progressive leader, preferably the Governor, who, naturally, is quite innocent of the outbreaks of this office. PILLSBURY is horrified almost into apoplexy by our suggestion that the Progressives of both parties in that State ought to work together against the grafters. It is the same opinion we have given to Congress and to the Legislatures of many States. As for PILLSBURY himself, we are truly touched. Listen to the language of his paper:

Is it not reasonable that Mr. PILLSBURY, whose ancestors, back to his great-great-grandfather, have resided right here, have served in its legislative halls, helped establish the nation by service in the Revolution and maintain it in the Rebellion, who have had something to do with the industrial life and development of the State, whose every interest has been, and is, here, should care as much, by selfish motive, pride, and sentiment for the permanent welfare of the State, and be as justified in standing as a candidate as those who would get high position by betraying their party organization and principles and trade with the opposition party merely for the office itself?

This is the eloquence of true suffering. Mr. PILLSBURY wants the office and most earnestly thinks he deserves it. His simple soul is the tool of much cleverer men. When they have thrown him into the discard, our sympathy, whatever that may be worth, will be his.

### The Outlook for Alaska

SECRETARY FISHER'S program for Alaska is full of the business sense that distinguished his Chicago traction settlement. As a fundamental principle he believes transportation to be a Government function, but in deciding just how much railroad ownership should be attempted by our Government in Alaska at the present moment he takes into account divided public opinion, the money already invested in railroads there, and the amount of traffic likely to develop in the immediate future. He is firmly against private ownership of coal, favoring the lease system, but also approving of having at least one mine run by the Government. The most important single step, he thinks, is the continuation of the Alaska Central Railroad into the interior, and if the owners are not willing to do this work, under proper regulation (the Secretary thinks they will not be), the Government should itself undertake it, and that promptly. Mr. FISHER's speech before the American Mining Congress in Chicago is an extremely able document, full of open-mindedness, close study, radical views, and business intelligence, and deserves the study of every friend of conservation.

### Candor

WHEN PRESIDENT TAFT said: "Heaven save me from a candid friend," he named his greatest weakness. He does hate candor. The truth, to be strengthening, must sometimes be severe; and what Mr. TAFT asks of his friends is pleasantness. Unmixed pleasantness means suppression of what is disagreeable. Already we have reminded Mr. TAFT of LINCOLN's preference for hostile opinion, but the President will never seek the whole truth after the manner of his imaginative and noble predecessor. GEORGE WASHINGTON was personally extremely sensitive, and often chafed at censure, but he knew the absolute need of hearing all sides, and therefore he kept men near him who would criticize. Men in high position who wish to avoid candor have only to give the word, and flattery in plenty is poured upon them.

### Harmony

WOODROW WILSON is no coward. He spoke in Pennsylvania in favor of the Keystone nominee for Congress, because he was the best man for the position, and nominated by the best influences. Said he:

Here I am, a Democrat, two kinds of a Democrat—born and convinced—come to speak for a man who calls himself a Republican, but one between whom and myself I cannot see the difference. A few years ago we were divided into hostile party camps, where we determined how to act by our habitual actions. In 1910 people began to choose men and measures, and not parties, and that is going to continue. That is the way to talk and act in 1911. It is easy to see why every Democratic State organization in America is opposed to having the Governor of New Jersey bear the national standard in 1912. What have he and they in common? They cannot even understand his language.

### What Can Be Done?

IN THE CAPITAL CITY of Ohio recently there has been held a convention of persons from all over the country who are interested in freeing women primarily, and the whole race consequently, from one of the greatest evils of human life. Purity leagues have an extremely difficult problem, or set of problems, to deal with. JANE ADDAMS in opening a series in "McClure's" for November, draws an interesting parallel between old-fashioned slavery and this constant enslavement and degradation of a considerable part of humanity. The attempt to free the race from this taint is being made more persistently and more intelligently now than it ever has been made before. There are disputed points of policy, and disputed questions of fact, but certain points stand out unmistakably clear, and where the ground is prepared for action that action ought to be courageous and relentless. For instance, the statutes in most of the States are extremely defective in their attempt to protect girls who are tricked by promises of marriage and then led into places where they have no chance to escape the downward path. The set of criminals who pursue this business discovered the fact that the statutes in most of the States punished only those who accomplished their object through promise of marriage, and could not reach those who, instead of promising marriage, made the girl think that the taking out of a license was in itself a marriage. On this absurd technicality some of the most cruel and injurious of all criminal types now go free. Obviously, these laws could be amended in a moment, without the expenditure of any large amount of intellect. Another certainty is that where laws exist against social vice, the ones to suffer should be not primarily the women, but men equally, and owners of buildings and organizers of the trade in particular. Certainly no criminal is less deserving of sympathy, and none commits a more cruel wrong, than the procurer. Public opinion everywhere should insist that, whatever is taken up or overlooked, this one class of criminals is to be pursued with every resource open to civilization, morality, and the law.

### Apparently a Good Place

THE COST OF LIVING when discussed always arouses interest among our readers and usually irritates a considerable number. A result of one of our editorials on the subject is a contribution from Dubuque, Iowa, which paints a rosy view. Our correspondent has been buying potatoes at fifty cents, apples at twenty-five, tomatoes at twenty-five a bushel, eggs at twenty cents a dozen, dressed chickens at ninety cents a pair, butter at twenty-seven and one-half cents a pound, and he

thinks that Dubuque's great market is the cause of such low prices. On every Saturday from three hundred to four hundred teams bring produce covering sixteen linear blocks. The consumer pays no middleman. We like to hear such encouraging points of view, and understand that similar markets exist in Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, and other cities of the Middle West.

### Street Names

THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL has decided to teach the population history through its street names. The sign in the Rue de Rivoli, for example, will bear this superscription: "French Victory, 1797." On the sign Avenue Victor Hugo will appear this subtitle: "French poet and novelist, 1802-85"; while another street sign will run: "Rue Lincoln, famous President of the United States, 1809-65." So much for Paris. Alderman HEY of Chicago has a different idea of what street names should stand for. He has submitted a "renaming scheme" to the proper council committee, and proposes to call Michigan Avenue "Zero Avenue," Wabash Avenue "First Avenue," State Street "Second Avenue," Dearborn Street "Third Avenue." In the Chicago Councils Alderman HEY should be in a minority of one. Street names reminiscent of local or national history ought to be cherished, not discarded in favor of numerals. Some of the streets of Paris date from the days of the old régime, but more of them suggest Revolutionary enthusiasms: GAMBETTA has his *avenue*, his *place*, his *rue*, and his *boulevard*; GARIBALDI has given his name to one thoroughfare, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to another. In New York, there are Stuyvesant Square, and Jackson and Washington and Madison no less—to say nothing of the Battery and Bowling Green and the Bowery. Chicago should maintain her reminiscences.

### A Newcomer

THERE COMES to our desk the "Sulu News" of Zamboanga, in the Moro Province of the Philippine Islands, and the first copy deserves a greeting. It is the only newspaper ever published in the Moro language. Its purpose is to impart useful information to the Sulu reading population, to arouse their interest in the development of their agricultural resources, and to give whatever general news may seem likely to interest Moro readers. It will explain in detail to the Moros how they can obtain legal titles to their farms. It will also recommend city life, the advantages of civilization and the purpose of our Government. We stand ready to assist the Moros with roads, bridges, wharves, and any other public works which may contribute to real prosperity, but we must count upon the cooperation of the Moros themselves. Roads, bridges, and wharves are useless if there is nothing to transport. The Government is now planning for each of the five districts of the Province an agricultural school, where Moro boys will be taught the best methods of planting, harvesting, and marketing crops, as well as the best breeds and treatment of chickens, cattle, and horses. Representing this attitude of the Government and of the American people, the "Sulu News" ought to be of genuine benefit to the Moro population.

### By the Riverside

WE WERE WALKING recently for many miles at a stretch, side by side with the Androscoggin River, that noisy and restless stream. It chatters over the stones in its bed; it is torn into foam at every winding; all its surface is overlaid with ripples; its music is little else than babbling. But underneath the turbulence there pulls one steady purpose, drawing to an unseen and distant place. There the little wayward waters lose themselves in the beat of a stately rhythm, where the tides march up and down. Lying in the stillness of Gilead, after a day by that aimless tumult with its veiled purpose, one is seized by the time-worn figure. Just so, the years of our life go by, gliding and descending, as they move to the sea. Their haste and seething are merged in immensity, their petulance hushed in serenity, their littleness woven into calm. There the depths lie imperturbable, under the winds that fret. In the heave of that vastness they shall blend their feebler flow.

### An American Trait

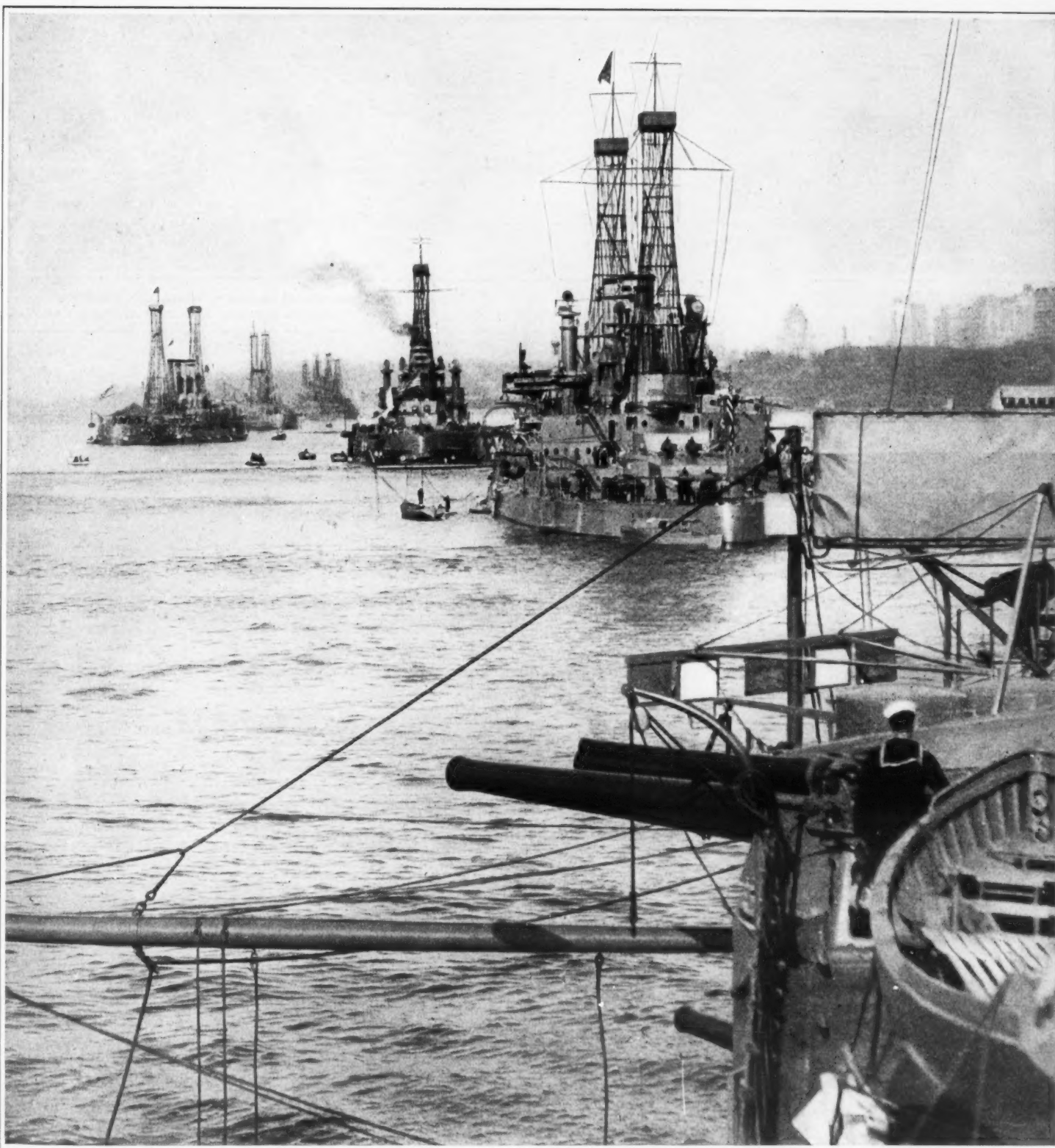
AN EDITOR recently confessed privately that the intoxication of the whole American nation with their National Game rather irritated him. He, however, was an exception. He believed that this fury of excitement interfered with more serious topics. Our own opinion is that the American character needs diversion, and expresses itself more effectively because of the relief it gets in its more frivolous moments. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whittling or telling comic stories when he did not wish to expend his forces, is a type of the National character. MARK SULLIVAN is known to our readers for the heavy punches he delivers on legislative subjects, for his broad and general grasp, for his deep understanding of complicated topics. This picture, representing him in an hour of natural pleasure, brings out again this point, that an American, if he is representative of his fellow-countrymen, however serious he may be, has still the impulse toward spontaneous fun.





# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The U. S. Navy's Mobilization Review in the Hudson River

On November 2, reviewed by the President and the Secretary of the Navy, 102 war vessels steamed down the Hudson River through the Narrows and out to sea. In a long line reaching from Fifty-seventh Street to the Harlem River were the battleships, beginning with the Connecticut, the flagship of the fleet. The new dreadnoughts, Utah and Florida, fresh from the Navy Yard, brought up the rear. The destroyers, torpedo boats, and smaller vessels were in another line. The Secretary of the Navy inspected the flagship and the newest dreadnoughts. Nearly half a million people visited the ships, and nearly one-third of the population of New York lined the banks of the river eagerly watching the greatest naval review ever held in the Western Hemisphere. The photograph shows some of the ships of the first division anchored off Riverside Drive

# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Italian infantry intrenched behind sand walls on the outskirts of the town of Tripoli. The trenches are topped with bags of sand. The breeches of the rifles are wound with cloth to prevent the entrance of sand into the mechanism.



The Italian flag replaced the Turkish flag over the customhouse in Tripoli on October 4, and also over the fortifications and the Governor's palace.



Shells fired by the Italian fleet lying unexploded in the fortifications of Tripoli. The Turkish fortifications were completely demolished, but the loss of life was small owing to the previous retreat of the Turks to the heights back of the town.



Turkish Infantry Marching Through Constantinople on the Way to Tripoli

The soldiers of the Turkish army are kept in good condition by frequent long marches and yearly maneuvers, and the infantry is now a well-trained fighting machine.



A Krupp Gun in the Fortifications of Tripoli

Although the Italian fleet bombarded the city of Tripoli from a range of about 5,000 yards, few of the Turkish guns succeeded in covering over half that distance.

## The Opening Hostilities in Italy's War in Tripoli

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# Ripping Up Mr. Morgan's "Model Trust"

*The Spectacular Fortunes of Our First Billion-Dollar Gamble*

By CARL SNYDER

Author of "American Railways as Investments"

A WONDER of wonders has happened. The "model trust," "the trust within the law"—created and nourished by forty years of high tariffs, dominated and directed by "our good friends," after ten prosperously defiant and governmentally untroubled years—is suddenly made to feel the weight of the law, or of a law, originally passed as a joke and for twenty years utterly a dead letter. And pray note under what circumstances:

The Steel Trust came into existence, almost overnight, in April, 1901—not, as we shall see, as an endeavor in restraint of trade, but from sheer fright—at the Carnegie bugaboo. No one at Washington then thought of interfering. "Big Business" was in the saddle.

Five months later the hand of an assassin—under our highly intelligent Constitution—made Colonel Roosevelt President. These were golden days for the trust—years of fabulous profits and of a success so great that financial writers could think and dream of little else. But there was no hint of prosecution.

Two years and a half ago the Roosevelt mantle descended upon Secretary Taft, to carry out "My policies." And for two years thereafter there was no suggestion of prosecution.

An active and industrious Commissioner of Corporations had consumed a trifle of five years to make an investigation that any well-equipped firm of expert accountants, or "business doctors," would have completed on order in ninety days; and this report found for "very active competition in the steel trade."

Now the golden days of the Steel Trust—in all human probability—are, for some years at least, quite past; and this without any interference from

business of its competitors have grown somewhat faster than those of the trust, with all its hundreds of millions of reinvested profits. And in all these years the tariff, that alone made this trust a trust, and alone made these profits possible, has remained practically unchanged. Now, in the judgment of many far-sighted men, we are entering upon a period likely to prove a trying time for business, and of all businesses in the country, the steel business.

In the last fifteen years our railways have been rebuilt, our great cities have been rebuilt, and hugely overbuilt. Business, like everything in nature, tends to run in waves. It was this doubtless which led Mr. Carnegie to his famous phrase as to how steel was either prince or pauper. Mr. Carnegie should know. For his share of the Carnegie Steel Company he received \$320,000,000.

For ten magnificent years or more—years of al-

could illustrate how impotent is mere law without the sanction of current public opinion, and how potent is popular opinion and feeling.

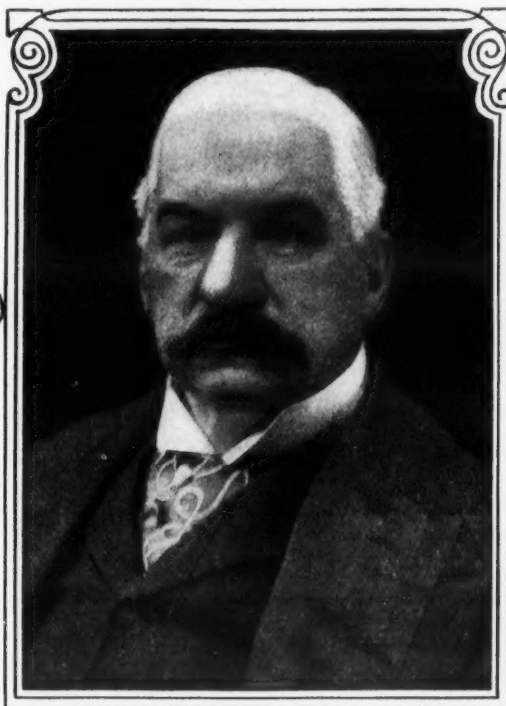
No one questions the fact that from the beginning the Steel Trust violated the whole intent and spirit of the Sherman Law—perhaps I had better say the whole language and spirit of the Sherman Law. If plain words have plain meanings, every man knows that the trust has been a restraint on competition. That was one of the great objects for which it was formed. It was to be a "stabilizer" of prices—to bring order out of a peculiarly chaotic condition in an industry subject to the most violent ups and downs. And prices were to be high. And they have been high.

On the other hand, every man knows that the rise in prices in the steel trade since the trust was formed has been far less than the general rise in commodity prices.

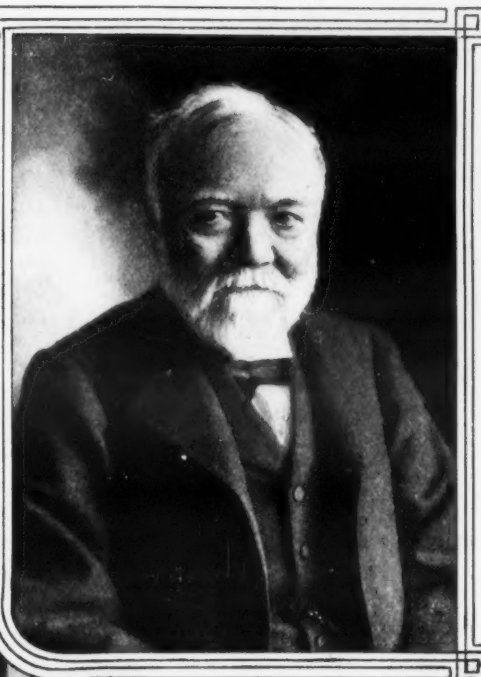
Every one knows that the power of the Steel Trust was practically absolute, nearly despotic. What President Gary once said upon the witness stand, that the Steel Corporation could, if it chose, crush its smaller rivals—in a word, do just what Mr. Carnegie had threatened to do, when they bought him out—was unquestionably true.

And everybody knows the savage revenge which the powers behind the Steel Trust took, in the panic of 1907, on the one company and the one crowd which had dared to question its absolute sovereignty and was its most highly independent competitor.

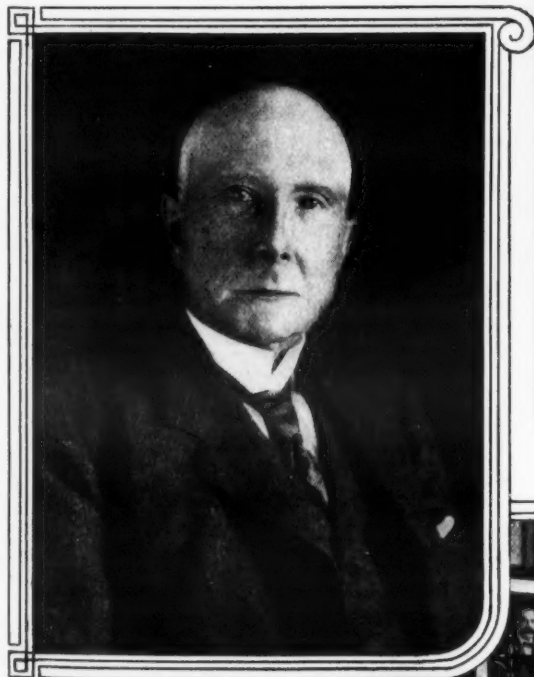
Yet everybody knows that the heads of the trust exercised this power with great moderation, tact, and even consideration. There was no ruthless wiping



J. Pierpont Morgan



Andrew Carnegie



John D. Rockefeller



P. A. B. Widener, E. H. Gary, and W. E. Corey in the directors' room of the U. S. Steel Corporation

Government or law. The average prices of steel products are to-day at the lowest point in the ten years of the trust's existence, and a trifle lower than the prices preceding its formation.

The trust completed its ninth, and is now ending its tenth, year with rather smaller net profits than in the first full year following its organization; and this in the face of the reinvestment of approximately \$400,000,000—a sum nearly equal to the cash or replacement value of all its plants and properties, exclusive of its ore, coal, and coke holdings at the time of its formation.

Through these ten years, the average profits per ton of steel produced have steadily declined from somewhere near \$15 per ton in the beginning to probably not much over \$10 per ton in the present year.

And at the end of these ten years the proportion of steel business done by the trust is incontestably less than when it first began business in flat and recognized violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. In other words, the plants, production, and

most unparalleled expansion for this country—alike for this country and for the whole world—steel has been prince. It is just at this period of falling prices, falling profits, and sharpened competition—and facing perhaps the most critical period of its career—that the Administration steps in to ask that this ten-year-long violator of a "dead" law be dissolved. It is a queer world. Nothing better perhaps

only by the most jesuitical construction of the statutes can the case be decided otherwise than in the Government's favor.

The deepest complaint of those who have dealt most closely and largely with the Steel Corporation is that it has failed to do what it was expected to do and what it tried to do, and that is to keep prices perfectly stable. And everybody knows that that is

precisely what the statute forbids, namely, that competition, which does not mean stable prices nor continuous high prices, should be throttled.

And through all these years the promoters of this illegal trust have conducted the most colossal stock gamble that the world has ever known. They have made hundreds of millions of dollars. They have sold to the public the greater part of a billion dollars' worth of stocks and bonds.

The Steel Trust has now on its books over a hundred thousand stockholders. It is the most widely distributed of any stock in the country. It has been the popular favorite, the especial favorite of the small investor. From Cape Cod to Point Loma half a billion of stock, which was absolutely water, has been scattered, often among people who held no other securities.

If the Government wins its suit, it is not the rich promoters, it is not the princely gamblers in steel, who will suffer, but the always innocent and ever-gullible investor.

If the trust is illegal now, it was illegal when it began. In the popular mind it has had almost Governmental sanction. And the huge earnings which have attracted the investor, and made it possible for the promoters to sell their stock and reap their unparalleled profits, were due, for two-thirds or more, directly to Governmental or Congressional edict—that is to say, to a tariff law which shut out foreign competition.

"Our good friends" have had their innings and unloaded. The public, or the thriftier part of the public, holds the bag. And then the Government brings suit!



George W. Perkins

Why? The answer perhaps is not very far to seek. Over the whole wide world there is deep unrest. The cost of living has risen enormously. And the flush days have gone by, just as they always go by. That which prolonged these flush times beyond their normal limits, and which, incidentally, probably saved the Steel Corporation from shipwreck—which has so inflated money prices of property and the money wages of labor

—that is, the enormous increase in the world's stock of money, with the natural depreciation of its purchasing power, now reacts to make the whole world feel the pinch of dear food and high rents.

A natural consequence is an outcry the world over against the trusts and combinations which have helped to produce high prices and dear food. One result of this—a local result—was the overwhelming political landslide and the election of a Democratic Congress. A secondary result was the passage of the Stanley resolution, for the investigation of the Steel Trust, which had been suppressed in two Republican Congresses.

And the 120,000 investors in United States Steel pay the price.

This much is easy, but the larger question is, why was the Steel Trust tolerated for ten years only to be assailed in the house of its friends when its grip was most weakened and its prospects most troublous? Why was it ever allowed at all? The answer turns us back to probably the most highly colored page of American high finance.

A quarter of a century hence, perhaps, after another great wave of industrial expansion, a billion-and-a-half trust even will seem a bagatelle. But there was a day, and that day a little more than ten years ago, when to two of the most daring and audacious minds in the country such a combination seemed little short of an impossibility, as the following will illustrate:

The late John W. Gates, known to fame as "Bet-a-Million Gates," was as nery a plunger as this country ever saw, and that is saying some. And he was more than this—he was a man with a big imagination. He saw large. In the early part of 1901, sitting with some friends in a hotel, he said: "I can give you a piece of news. There is going to be a billion-dollar corporation."

He meant it figuratively. Even his



William H. Moore

mind could not frame the conception of a company capitalized at a billion and a half. But it was in existence within a month or two from the time he spoke. Incidentally, no one present believed that what he said was true.

A worthy companion in nerve to Gates, in those days, was James R. Keene, who bears the reputation of having been the most adroit and resourceful manipulator of stocks since Jay Gould.

When the news of the formation of the Steel Trust was carried to Keene, he is reported to

have said: "It is simply impossible. They could never distribute the stock. Think of it—half a billion of common alone!"

Yet it was Keene who, a few months later, was called in by the promoters, according to the prevalent belief, to undertake this distribution. He did undertake it, and his exploit—widely remembered by those who saw steel stock they had purchased at from \$50 to \$55 per share go down to \$8.75 per share when the distribution had been completed—passed in Wall Street as Keene's greatest coup.

The incident which is commonly supposed to have

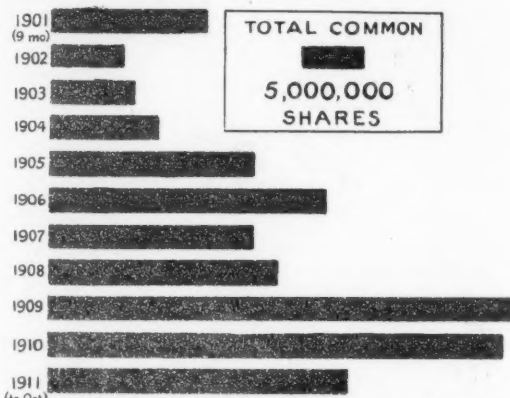


Table showing the monstrous gambling in Steel Common—Two hundred million shares in ten years!

been the beginning of the combination was a dinner at which Charles M. Schwab spoke, and Mr. Morgan listened. That may have been the immediate touch and go. Mr. Schwab was then a young man with a phenomenal success in the steel industry, the result of which, according to the testimony of the late Mr. Gates, was a contract from Carnegie whereby Mr. Schwab was guaranteed a salary of a million a year for five years. It was probably the first time in history that any man had ever received a salary of a million a year. Those were big days. It sounds large still. A salary of a million a year is apt to stir the imagination of a young man, especially when it happened to be one of an extraordinarily active mind. But the Steel Trust was nevertheless a growth, and the immediate factor of its formation was not, as I have said, either foresight, imagination, or a gigantic scheme in restraint of trade. It was largely fright.

The Steel Trust was then in a condition bordering upon the chaotic. In the long depression from '93 to '97, the trade had simply gone to pieces. The price of steel rails, indeed, did not touch bottom until 1898. They sold then as low as \$15 per ton. That was a drop from \$35 a ton or higher a few years before.

Then came the beginning of that wonderful burst of industrial activity which in five years created more millionaires than had ever been known in the world before. From 1896, the low point, but still not very far below the previous high, steel production doubled in three years. It doubled in another six years. Last year, the record year, it was only 25 per cent higher than in 1905; and this year it will be slightly below last year.

In spite of all this, prices rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. As Mr. Gates testified just before his death, steel rails were \$23 one day, \$18 the next, and \$15 the next. In a single year the price of wire nails jumped 150 per cent. A little later they slumped almost as rapidly.

Toward the end of the depression a number of shrewd speculators in the steel business—Gateses and Reids and Leedeses and their like—started buying up mills. Often they got them for a song. With the swift revival came enormous profits, and there were



Charles M. Schwab

still greater profits in putting the properties into larger and larger companies. By 1900 this had resulted in three great groups—the Gates crowd, the Moore crowd, and the Morgan companies.

Standing apart, and the commanding figure of them all, was Carnegie. He had made enormous profits, but competition was growing very keen. Maybe it was too hot even for this fighting Captain of Industry. Possibly Mr. Carnegie wanted to get out. He had, in fact, a little before, given an option on his interest in the Carnegie company, said by Mr. Gates to have been for \$160,000,000. This option had been purchased by Mr. Frick and Mr. Moore. They paid \$1,000,000 for it, but they were a little ahead of the game. Their plans failed; Mr. Carnegie pocketed the million.

Also Mr. Carnegie was said to have been very sore at the Pennsylvania Railroad. Possibly they were charging him too much for his freight. Possibly they were charging him as much as they charged others. At any rate, Mr. Carnegie wanted an outlet for Pittsburgh, and then it was that he made the famous contract with the Wheeling and Lake Erie people to build into Pittsburgh. This was the contract which was taken over by George Gould and led Mr. Gould to his disastrous project for a railway from sea to sea. Then Mr. Carnegie announced his intention of building a new mill at Ashtabula—possibly others—to meet the combinations that were forming around him.

The gentlemen of the combinations did not need to be told what Carnegie competition meant. Few men could ever boast of having taken business from the Scotch steel king—at a profit.

There were urgent conferences. The rest was very picturesquely told by Mr. Gates in his testimony before the Stanley Committee.

Carnegie got for his interest, according to Mr. Gates, \$320,000,000 in bonds, or just twice the terms of the Frick-Moore option. According to the well-known story of his meeting with Morgan on the steamer, Mr. Carnegie might just as well have had \$100,000,000 more.

A hundred millions in those rosy days did not much matter.

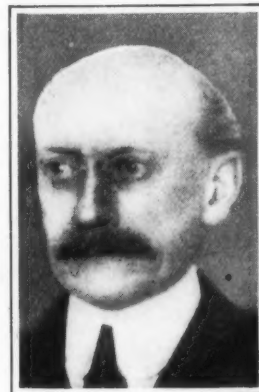
The price for Mr. Carnegie's interest made the basis of sale for the entire company in the neighborhood of half a billion dollars. This was the same property which, a short time before, in the suit between Frick and Carnegie, was sworn to as having a book value of about \$76,000,000.

Other companies were taken in on the same liberal basis. In the Pittsburgh clubs it was hard to meet a man who was not a newly made millionaire. There is a story of one of them, who, after a post-prandial celebration of the event, was found in a corner of the club covering page after page of good paper with undecipherable hieroglyphics. Being questioned as to what he was doing, he replied, from the depths of abstraction: "Very queer! Can't make thish out. Can't make out whether I'sh got one million or eleven."

Others fared equally well. There is a famous story told of one group of mill owners from Cleveland or some other Ohio city. Their mills were in perfect condition. They had no debts. They did not greatly fear any competition in their especial field, even from a gigantic trust. All this they explained to themselves in great detail as they sat about their club and talked over an invitation to come to New York and name a price for their properties.

So they would go to New York, they told themselves, and beard the Beast in his Lair. And they would name a price, and it would be their own price, and it would be a high price. To a respectable steel manufacturer that price might have been, say, ten or twenty millions. But to the trust it would be more—a great deal more; it might be thirty-five or forty millions. If the trust was to absorb them, the trust should pay.

And, fortified thus, they went down to New York, and the next morning to the corner of Broad and Wall. They entered. No Great Man was visible. Perhaps he would appear later. They were invited to wait. They waited a long time. The Hinterland seemed to grow further and further away. After

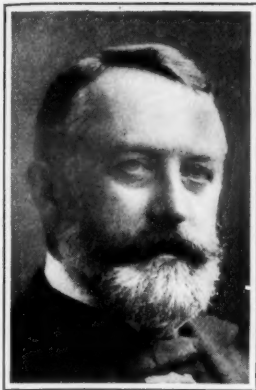


James Gayley



Norman B. Ream





Henry C. Frick

all, New York was a mighty place. And a billion-dollar trust seemed a gigantic thing. And capital very powerful. Perhaps—possibly—after a due discussion, if it appeared that they had unduly estimated the value of their works—

And then the Great Man appeared—from behind the rail. The gate did not open. There was an ugly glitter in his eyes as he greeted the highly fortified Independence from the back country.

Possibly some word of the conversations in the club had reached the Great Man's ears. His manner was more than brusque. And, as the story runs, he said with a savage glare:

"I understand you have come down here to name your own price, and teach New York a trick or two. And we are to pay through the nose. We have looked up your properties. We know their precise value. And I will name the price and you may take it or leave it right here and now. We will give you \$60,000,000 cash for your properties, and not a copper more."

And the Great Man paused. But the strong men from the Hinterland did not pause. They no longer had any wish to fight Mr. Morgan or the trust—on these terms. And very weakly and without a trace of strong Western independence, they meekly announced, then and there, that they would accept.

Of course the story is absurd. Almost all good stories are. No one ever dreamed of holding up Mr. Morgan, even for a book, or a picture, or a collection of glassware. But the fact that the story should have been told—invented—serves fairly to illustrate the spirit of the time.

There was another, which might well be true, which typifies the men and methods of that hustling period. Mr. Gates and his partners were among others who sold to the trust on the same liberal basis as did Mr. Carnegie and the gentlemen from the wilds of Ohio. As the story goes, they were returning from New York and discussing with deep seriousness what they could possibly do with all their money. It seemed a vast burden. The train stopped.

"What place is this?" asked Mr. Gates.

"Pittsburgh," answered one of his partners.

"Let's get off and buy some mills," grunted Mr. Gates.

And they did. It was the heyday of the entrepreneur.

All told, about \$1,400,000,000 of stocks were issued for properties then having a current market price of about \$750,000,000. The rest represented dreams in iron ore.

It was under these cheerful, not to say roseate, conditions that the billion-dollar trust was launched. The moment was ideal. Everybody, from bootblack and



Daniel G. Reid

bell boy to street car conductor or college professor, was rich. The great rise in the price of securities had started a wave of speculation that swept the country like an infection. The barbers and the hotel waiters distributed tips in the morning, cashed their profits in the afternoon, and went up town in the evening to buy a Waldorf or a Delmonico's.

On tremendous dealings Steel opened around 43 and rose rapidly. Everybody was let in. Everybody went in. The doors of the sanctuary swung wide to the distribution of the most glowing prospects. There is a story of one distinguished editor, who felt close to the throne, who was "put in" at a round 48.

Under Mr. Keene's skillful churning the market continued to boil merrily. And participation was wide.

It was especially active in the fall of 1902. In spite of the great activity, however, shrewd observers took note that Steel never went back to the high initial promotion prices. Then the horizon clouded a little. Stocks were very heavy.

In March of 1903 Mr. Morgan returned, and in explanation volunteered to a reporter his famous phrase of "undigested securities."

A little later Mr. James J. Hill trifled with Mr. Morgan's parts of speech. He called them "indigestible securities." They so proved.

Wall Street, which can invent rumors faster than the Jersey tide flats can breed mosquitoes, had it that Mr. Morgan was heavily "long" of Steel. And there was to be no quarter. The prices named by rumor were verified with a dismal certitude, and the exploit became a legend so deeply graven on the Wall Street heart that for years thereafter when men heard of the prices that "Standard Oil" had "named," they listened fearfully—and sold.

Rumor had it that Mr. Morgan or the Morgan party was very hard hit by the crash. Certainly the Morgan prestige suffered a deep eclipse.

There is no need to recount the subsequent fortunes of the stock. Every one knows how, after it had touched 8¾ for the common and under 49 for the preferred, and just when everybody was explaining how Mr. Carnegie would "take it all back," it began an uninterrupted rise that carried the stock to about the original promotion prices. Then came the panic when Steel Common went below 22, only to resume a rise to undreamed-of heights.

To Wall Street's eyes the stock was beautifully handled. It was backed—and its movements largely controlled—by perhaps as powerful a syndicate or pool as Wall Street ever knew. I asked a Wall Street initiate how many might have been in this pool and who they were. He replied: "No one knows. No one ever does—that is, of course, only a very few. Originally the big pool might have had fifty members. Latterly I imagine that its numbers were considerably reduced. Then there were pools within the pool and others outside of it."

"As to its membership, one could do no more than guess. Probably it contained most, if not all, of the officers and directors of the corporation, with a few chosen outsiders. Mr. Munsey's name was often mentioned. As to who were its active managers, one is equally in the dark. Undoubtedly it was managed from the Morgan office, and one might guess perhaps that Mr. Perkins had a rather intimate knowledge of its operations."

However this may be, the profits of the syndicate must have been something princely. It is evident from the chart accompanying this article, showing the number of shares annually traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, that the great distribution of United States Steel did not take place in its earlier days. The great distribution to the larger public, the investing public, and especially the small investor, did not come until the years 1909 and 1910.

Then dealings in Steel Common formed nearly a quarter of the whole market, and there were days and days when it was more than half the market. Last year the total reached nearly 40,000,000 shares. At the top, when Steel Common reached a shade under 95 and was prosperously going to 150—as a sure thing—transactions reached half a million shares or more a day.

Consider for a moment what this means. The broker's fee on the New York Stock Exchange is 12½ cents per share. For half a million shares this would mean a matter of \$50,000 or \$60,000 per day for brokers' fees alone.

When it is all over and the pool dissolved, checks are mailed, or requested, as the case may be, from the pool members. In the present instance, probably the pool has never been dissolved. It would never do to leave so great and widely distributed a stock unprotected in the market. And, for the rest, it is too good a thing. In all human probability it is the most admirable contrivance that any collection of stock speculators, from Joseph in Egypt or John Law, ever found to collect the maximum of public contributions. I tried, in company with the Wall Street initiate quoted above, to make some rough, perhaps very distant, calculations as to what these profits might have been. The figures would not necessarily relate to any single pool or group, but to the total operation of what is vaguely referred to as "the Steel crowd"—with its immediate adherents.

The big accumulation of Steel, which took place in 1907-8, was at prices ranging from 22 to 40. Suppose that somewhere

around 35 loosely represented an average price.

The great distribution, to the larger public, took place between 80 and 94¾, or possibly a little lower. After a brief slump in 1910, the stock held for nearly a year between 70 and 80.

What did it cost to boost Steel to these prices and how much would be left to the boosters? One of the gentlemen most usually identified as of great influence in the pool was reported as saying that putting up Steel Common, especially after it had passed 50, was about the easiest job they had ever undertaken.

If we suppose that the average price for distribution was somewhere near 80 and the average cost below 35, this would leave roughly a profit of around 50 points. It is true that such reasoning may often be illusory. Sometimes the expenses of promotion and elevation are extremely heavy. But in the long campaigns undertaken by these powerful interests they do not try to lift the price by the ears. It is elevated gently, and, after a stiff rise, considerable quantities are often sold, to be repurchased at a little lower figure as the stock sinks back.

And now for the total. If we were to estimate that not more than one-third of Steel Common had found its way to the public before the last great campaign, then we might imagine that 3,000,000 shares, with a plus or minus of half a million or a million, were available for syndicate purposes—syndicate and near-syndicate, and including the private holdings of powerful operators. At a mild guess, then, we might

estimate that the clean-up of the Steel crowd exceeded \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000. It might have been much less. It might have been much more.

But did the Steel crowd, as a whole, ever clean up? Did it become intoxicated with its own dazzling success and really think that Steel might be carried far above par? Such instances have been known. Wall Street is fond of telling the story of the mining promoter who came on

to distribute the stock of a mine, and succeeded so far beyond his dreams that, after selling the stock at a much higher figure than he had originally started for, bought it all back at a still higher price, saying: "Heavens, what a cinch!"

But his public never came back, and he continued to hold his stock at a heavy loss.

Wall Street has known many such instances, and there were many to believe that, in the violent slump which followed the threat and the bringing of the Government Steel suit, the Morgan party was still holding the bag, just as they believed they held it in 1903.

But the wondrous-wise of the Street were very sure of one party, which had cleaned up and taken its profits, perhaps the greatest profits of all, long before. This was the same Standard Oil party which was supposed to have contributed so liberally to the slump of the Common to 8¾ in 1904.

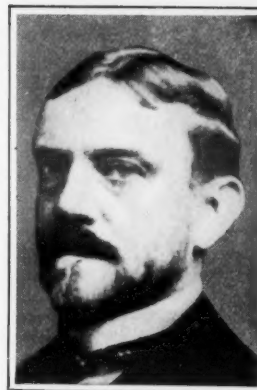
At the beginning of 1910 it was conspicuously announced—Wall Street thought very conspicuously—that some of the members of the Standard Oil party had retired from the directorate of the United States Steel. This included Mr. Rockefeller's son.

A little later an official of one of the Standard Oil banks gave out an extremely pessimistic interview on the business situation. It was not very difficult to divine what was the general feeling of the "S. O." group. Thereafter, in the same subtle way, prices began to be "named." Wall Street began to sniff another great battle.

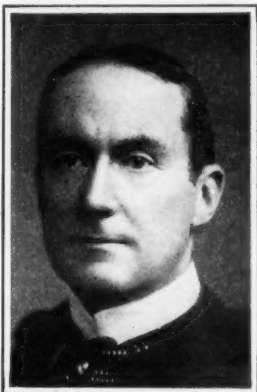
But Wall Street lightning flashes as capriciously as elsewhere. It is to be remarked that nothing like the prices "named" have ever been realized—so far. A year ago, in the general slump, Steel touched about 61. But it had no after-fall, as is its wont. It had fallen with the general list; it rose with the general list. It touched 82.

Yet there were those who professed to believe that the attitude of Standard Oil has never changed—that they were as cheerfully bearish at 82 as at 61.

(Concluded on page 28)



Percival Roberts, Jr.



Charles Steele



John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



John W. Gates

# The Important Thing Now

By MARK SULLIVAN

**T**HERE are a good many interesting features of the present state of the campaign for the Presidency, but the one that is of surpassing importance is the Presidential primary. Between now and about the 1st of next April it will be decided whether the Republican and Democratic nominees for the Presidency are to be chosen by the *people* or by the *bosses*. The people can get the power to choose by insisting, during the next six months, on the adoption of the Presidential primary in all the States.

## Eight States

**H**ERE are eight States whose Legislatures meet next January:

KENTUCKY MASSACHUSETTS NEW YORK SOUTH CAROLINA  
MARYLAND MISSISSIPPI RHODE ISLAND VIRGINIA

Surely the people of these States can secure the Presidential primary by making the pressure strong enough. Any party that is in power in a Legislature this winter, and goes on record against the Presidential primary, will start with a bad handicap in the Presidential election next fall. The Southern States, especially, ought to realize that the Presidential primary is in their interest; in most of them the Democrats have something like it already, and if a State statute forced the Republicans to adopt it, the power of the Republican Federal rings, a perennial scandal to the South, would be broken forever.

## Two Important Dates

**T**HE Republican National Committee will meet December 12 and the Democratic National Committee January 8. The business of each meeting will be the choice of a place to hold the big National Conventions next summer and to make other preparations for the naming of the two party candidates for President. Each committee ought to go on record as to Presidential primaries; that is by far the most important feature of the business of choosing the nominees. If the progressive men and papers in each party bring sufficient pressure, it will be done. If one party indorses the Presidential primary, the other will hardly care to assume the implication that will go with ignoring it.

## Folk and Clark in Missouri

**T**HERE is much bitterness in Missouri as to which of its two favorite sons the State shall support for the Presidency. Over a year ago a Democratic State Convention indorsed Folk formally, and at the time everybody supposed that ended it. That, however, was before Democratic chances looked so good, before votes in the Convention were regarded as so valuable. Also it was before the Democratic Congress was elected and gave Clark a measurable elevation toward the Presidency by making him Speaker. Clark's friends now claim, and there is much strength in their position, that the day of *convention* indorsements is past, that the only way to determine the feeling of the party is by a primary. On the contrary, Folk's friends make much of the fact that Clark was chairman of the convention that indorsed him, and therefore ought to be bound by it. It is also true that a good many people in Missouri—and they constitute the less desirable element in Missouri politics—are crying down the Folk indorsement, not because they love Clark more, but because they love Folk less. The brewers, the saloon-keepers, the big business interests that hate Folk because as Governor he cleaned the State up and had a splendid administration, are using the Clark boom to hurt him. The gang in Missouri is for Clark, not because Clark will serve them improperly, but because they hate Folk. Folk is also handicapped by the fact that he has been out of office for three years. Of course, Folk's friends will hardly be able to stand up against the demand for a primary; that is the temper of the times. But if the primary is to be held, why not make it a formal Presidential primary? Let the people of Missouri vote for Folk or Clark if they want to, but let them also vote for Wilson, or Harmon or Underwood, if they want to.

## The Convention Cities

**T**HE cities which are candidates for the Republican Convention are St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Buffalo. For the Democratic Convention the most aggressive candidate is Baltimore. Progressive Democrats ought to oppose this. Maryland is the home of that sort of sordid Democracy which is typified by the late Senator Gorman, the man who, for the pocketbooks of himself and his friends, betrayed and destroyed the Democratic party the last time it had a national success. Kansas City or Denver would be a much better city and have a more progressive atmosphere.

## The Real Democratic Leader of Congress

**T**HESE words were spoken some months ago by the leader of the Republicans in Congress, Hon. James R. Mann:

"Oscar W. Underwood is not only the leader of the Democratic majority; he is the majority. He is not only the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; he is the Ways and Means Committee. The Speaker used to be high mogul in the House. To-day the Speaker is the servant, not the master."

This expression looks interesting from several angles. For one, Mr. Mann, one year ago, together with every other Republican Congressman except nineteen Insurgents, was solemnly assuring the country that the Speaker *must* be a boss, that no practicable change in the rules was possible whereby the Speaker could be made the mere umpire that he ought to be. Again, this expression from Mr. Mann is interesting as information to those who are supporting Champ Clark for the Presidency because they think he is the Democratic leader in Congress. Champ Clark has many excellent qualities, but he doesn't bear the same relation to his party in Congress that Cannon used to.

## To What Base Uses

**O**NE of the satires of contemporary American politics is Senator Lorimer's adoption of "The Lincoln League" as the name of the organization which he is building up to bring about his rehabilitation. To be sure, "Lorimer and Lincoln" has a fine sound. One of the tenets of Lorimer's Lincoln League says: "We believe the direct primary is the dream of weaklings."

## Every Little Helps the Wool Men

**A** FRIEND of COLLIER'S in Utah sends us some documents exalting Schedule K, which came to him and thousands of other voters throughout the West in an envelope bearing the frank of Congressman F. W. Mondell of Wyoming. The envelope also bears this legend placed thereon by a rubber stamp:

Sent by NATIONAL WOOL GROWERS ASSOCIATION, GOODING, IDAHO

Our Utah friend remarks that "The N. W. G. A. seem to have a cheap manner of distributing their literature. Perhaps this system has something to do with the postal deficits." The writer of the present paragraph happens to favor a liberal use of the Government frank for the dissemination of information, but this case is grossly improper. Why does Wyoming continue to submit to the odious political machine of which Mondell is one of the beneficiaries when every other State west of the Mississippi has felt the impetus of Insurgency? One fact that has something to do with it is the partial suppression of public opinion by giving Federal jobs to the editors of two of the State's leading newspapers. "When journalists project their noses into the public trough their independence usually is diminished." Senator Warren, whose term expires March 4, 1913, comes up for reelection soon. Can't Wyoming begin now and be ready to make a change when the time comes? The Legislature, which must elect his successor, meets in January, 1913. It will be elected in November, 1912, and the primaries will be held some months earlier. It is not too soon to prepare to displace him. Why doesn't Wyoming send Governor Carey to the Senate? He is a good Insurgent.

## Get the Presidential Primary for Your State

**Q** The Presidential primary means that you can go to the polls (if you are a Republican) and say whether you want Taft or La Follette or some one else to be the Republican nominee; if a Democrat, you can choose among Harmon, Wilson, Underwood, Clark, Folk, and the other candidates. **If you don't do the choosing, the bosses and officeholders will.** The following States have already adopted the Presidential primary, either as a statute or a party rule: New Jersey, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Texas. If you live in one of the other States and are willing to help get the Presidential primary, we will be glad to send you information and suggestions. Fill in the coupon or send a postal card.

Collier's Congressional Record  
Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

**Q** I want to help:

Name.....

Address.....



# OUTDOOR AMERICA

Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

## Prohibition That Prohibits

*The Practical and Beneficial Results Which Have Come to the States Where Sale of Game is Forbidden*

**I**F YOU had the last thirty gallons of water in the world, and were trying to conserve it in a barrel having six distinct auger holes in its bottom, no man would need tell you to stop *every* leak or lose all your water. Yet men who think in circles solemnly assure the world that: "If you limit the bag and shorten the open seasons, it won't matter about the sale of game and the automatic guns." Every leak in the game supply *does* matter, very much indeed!

Of all the causes that have operated to sweep away our game birds, no one has been so merciless, so far-reaching, in its effects as shooting for the market. It was not the farmers or the city "sports" but the market shooters who remorselessly swept over the prairie States from northern Indiana to the great plains, and combed out of them practically all their millions of quail and pinnated grouse, and nineteen-twentieths of their wild ducks, geese, and shore birds.

In New York City, August Silz has been selling (so he says) a million game birds a year. It is the fashion to serve one course of game at every banquet, and I have been offered enough mummified, cold-storage birds to have poisoned a regiment of dragoons. Recently I handled a pheasant that had been in cold storage since 1905. The new cold-storage law in this State is destined to render effective first aid to the bill of fare.

### No Chance for the Birds

**W**HY is market hunting and the sale of game so very deadly to wild life? Because its promoters carry on their work of destruction unceasingly, in season and out of season, and because there is no wild species on the earth that can withstand exploitation for commercial purposes. No wild species can multiply fast enough to outstrip pursuit for the money it will bring. Can you point to one exception? I cannot—not even the whales of the sea or the elephant seals of the far-off, storm-beaten islands of the South Pacific. Nothing of commercial value is safe.

It is sincerely believed by some friends of wild life that the most important measure of protection is found in laws regulating the number of birds that may be shot by one person in one day, or one week, or season, as the case may be. The great stock argument of the automatic and pump-gun makers and users comes to us as an exhortation under this head, rather than an argument. They say: "Limit the bag and enforce the laws, and then it won't matter what kind of a gun is used in killing up to the bag limit." The market gunners say the same thing; and so does the game hog whom, like the poor of Holy Writ, we have with us always.

The trouble is: the enforcement of bag-limit laws on birds is an absolute impossibility. Bag-limit laws are observed by sportsmen only. The game hogs and market gunners find abundant means by which to evade them. It is impossible to send into the field enough game wardens to keep tabs on the daily kills of gunners.

Another stock exhortation is: "Shorten the open seasons!" Aye! There's the rub. If I could shorten the seasons to what I think is right, depend upon it the game would be saved. But that also is impossible. If you charge the 142,000 sportsmen of New York State \$142,000 for their annual hunting privilege, they feel that you must give them what they think is a fair hunting season. That means a season long enough that in it the whole grand army corps of 142,000 well-armed men and boys can assail the remnant of game—including squirrels! Now, where is the feathered game, in any one State, that can long withstand such warfare? This is a question on which sportsmen need to think hard, and to some purpose.

### Stop the Leaks

**T**HE end is coming, surely and swiftly, unless we face right about and clamp all the brakes hard down. We must stop every auger hole through which our last barrel of water is running away, or soon we will have an empty barrel. Let the American people remember that in the United States about 500,000 new shotguns are sold each year (about 90,000 of which are pump guns and automatics), and 900,000,000 cartridges are made and shot away, a small percentage of which are used at the traps and sold abroad.

The case of California is an interesting example of the logical results on wild game of our original free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky conservation of wild game and reliance upon bag limits. Prior to 1901 all kinds of wild game were sold in California, and San Francisco was a good market. By 1901 its rapid disappearance brought about a prohibition of the sale of quail

By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

President of Wild Life Protective Association



The Last Living Passenger Pigeon

Of the millions alive fifty years ago, only one bird remains in the Cincinnati Zoo, where it has lived eighteen years

and venison; and bag limits of ridiculously high figures were fixed by law. Fancy the protection afforded by a bag limit of fifty birds per day for each species, on doves, shore birds, snipe, and ducks! In 1909 the decrease of game forced a fifty per cent reduction in those bag limits; and in 1911 the sale of all wild game, except ducks, geese, and rabbits, was prohibited.

Concerning the effect of the sale of game in reducing the supply, notwithstanding a bag-limit law, the follow-

ing statement from Game Warden Walter R. Welch, now of Capitola, California, will at least point a moral: "Between October 16 and 21, 1905, under a law that permitted only fifty wild ducks to be possessed by any one person during any one day, I know that 682 sacks, each containing fifty ducks (34,100 in all), arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office, at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. It is safe to say that 100,000 wild ducks were handled by the game dealers of San Francisco each month during the open season between

1901 and 1906, under a law which permitted only fifty ducks to be possessed by one person on any given day. Where the sale of game is permitted, the game will reach the market, and a bag-limit law is of little, if any, protection to it. While the sale of quail is prohibited in this State, and the bag is limited to twenty in one day, thousands upon thousands of these birds have been illegally sold in the fashionable restaurants and hotels of the large cities."

For years Connecticut has bitterly complained because her ruffed grouse have been illegally killed and illegally shipped to New York and sold there contrary to two sets of laws—State and national. The people of Massachusetts would be horrified did they know the extent to which their ruffed grouse have been butchered to make a Gotham holiday. But, thanks to the Bayne law, that is now history; and to-day it is the duty of Massachusetts to go and do likewise—if she desires to save her birds.

### Does No Sale Prohibit

**I**N ORDER to ascertain if prohibition prohibits, the following questions were sent to the game wardens of the States having a no-sale-of-game law:

1. HAS THE LAW BENEFITED THE GAME OF YOUR STATE?
2. NAME THE SPECIES SO BENEFITED.
3. IS GAME KILLED IN OTHER STATES ALLOWED TO BE SOLD IN YOUR STATE?
4. IS YOUR LAW ENFORCED?
5. ARE YOUR GAME BIRDS UNLAWFULLY KILLED AND SHIPPED OUT FOR SALE IN OTHER STATES?

To Question No. 1, every State answers in the affirmative except South Dakota, where no change is reported.

To Question No. 3, Alabama, Arizona, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Ohio, Texas, Wisconsin, and West Virginia report "No," and Mississippi, Nebraska, New Mexico, South Carolina, and South Dakota, "Yes."

All the States say "Yes" to Question 4 except Mississippi, which says "No," and South Carolina, which says "We do our best without salary," and Texas, which reports that "Although the law is not strictly enforced, sentiment in favor of it is increasing."

To Question 5, Alabama, Arizona, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, Ohio, South Dakota, Texas, and Utah report "No"; Mississippi and South Carolina say "Yes"; Nebraska, Wisconsin, and West Virginia say "Yes, to a small extent."

Of the species benefited (Question 2), Alabama reports increase in quail and doves; Arizona, quail and deer; Iowa, deer, quail, and prairie chicken; Kansas, quail, prairie chicken, and the migratory birds; Minnesota, moose, deer, grouse, prairie chicken, and quail; Mississippi, all game birds; Montana, elk and deer; Nebraska, grouse, prairie chicken, and quail; New Mexico, deer, turkey, grouse, and quail; Ohio, quail; South Carolina, quail, doves, and deer; Texas, deer, quail, doves, prairie chicken, and antelope; Utah, grouse and prairie chicken (Utah permits the sale of ducks, geese, and snipe); Wisconsin, all kinds of birds and animals; West Virginia, quail, grouse, turkey, and deer.

### Up to Farmers

**T**HE movement against the sale of wild game has been in active progress in the United States ever since 1890, and the wave of activity is steadily rolling on. The plague-spot States—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, Louisiana, Illinois, Indiana, and California—hold out longest against the revolution, but they must and will wheel into line.

Sportsmen who shoot must learn self-denial and practice it. In New York State it is to-day their duty to take the initiative in asking the Legislature for a five-year close season on bobwhite, woodcock, snipe, and all shore birds, to discountenance the pump guns and the automatic shotguns, and also to look with disfavor on every double-barreled gun that shoots too well.

The farmers' case is much more serious than that of the sportsmen. To them it is a life or death matter, with their crops as the stake. The farmers of the South, and their lawyers who are so tenacious for State rights, had best vote for the Weeks Bill, and so put all our migratory birds under Federal protection. That measure is of direct financial importance to every man, woman, and child in the United States. If the insectivorous birds are all killed and eaten by the negroes of the South and the Italians and Hungarians of the North, up goes the price of wheat and corn and fruits and vegetables to every one of us. And this is no dream, but a cold fact, which all Americans will do well to heed.

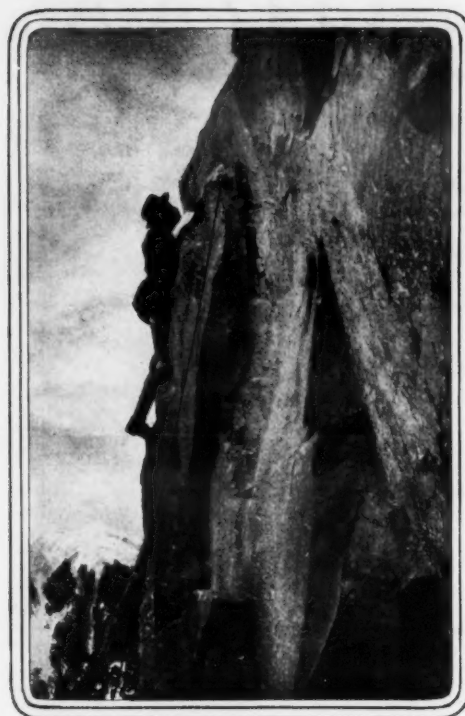


Map Showing States Prohibiting Sale of Game

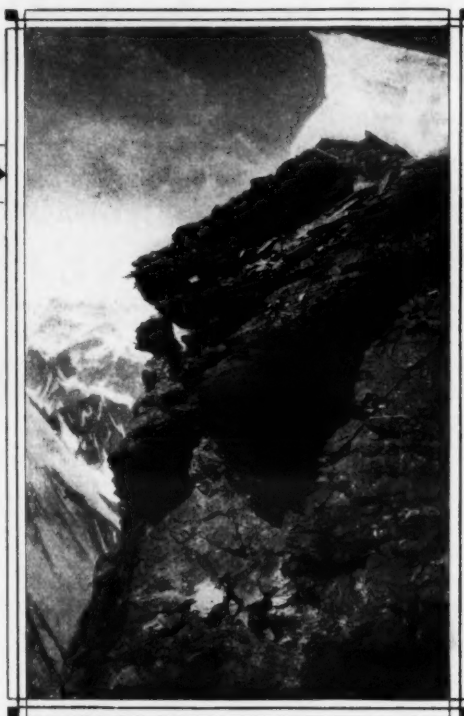
■ Sale of all game prohibited ■ Sale of nearly all game prohibited

ing statement from Game Warden Walter R. Welch, now of Capitola, California, will at least point a moral:

"Between October 16 and 21, 1905, under a law that permitted only fifty wild ducks to be possessed by any one person during any one day, I know that 682 sacks, each containing fifty ducks (34,100 in all), arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office, at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. It is safe to say that 100,000 wild ducks were handled by the game dealers of San Francisco each month during the open season between



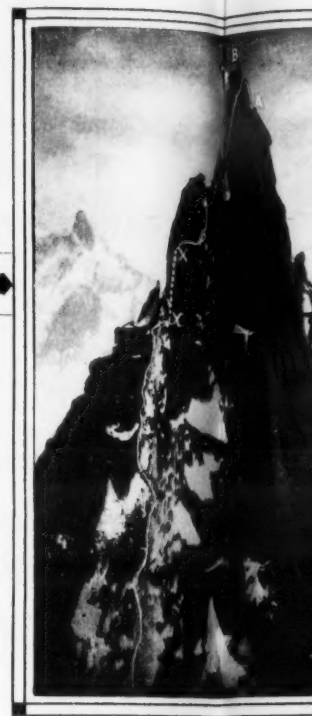
The difficult corner of the Aiguille Dru



The tip of the Matterhorn



On the snow ridge near the top of the Dent Blanche



Aiguille de Grépon—the hardest climb in

**T**O SCALE the Matterhorn is popularly supposed to be the hardest of all mountaineering feats. And small wonder so, for its tales of tragedy match well its huge, cruel-looking contour. Knowledge of the loftiest sanctuary of the great peak, with guides and without them, makes me assert this reputation is undeserved. Yet when the Zermatt giant is clad in a coat of icy mail, and a fierce storm whirls wildly amid the heights, he may be almost unapproachable. It was on such a day, during a first-of-the-season ascent, that the monster Matterhorn showed me his fangs.

It had been a fine morning, but the weather grew worse as hour after hour we mounted up to the rope-hung rocks where comes the crux of the climb. Every step had now to be fought for fiercely. On the exposed tip of the peak the howling northerly gale swept savagely up the tremendous four-thousand-foot precipice above which we clung. Dense clouds of loose snow and great masses of flaky ice were torn off the north face and hurled past us up the cliff to be carried far out over the summit to leeward. The roar of the storm was overpowering; shouts from the lustiest of lungs were drowned in the clash of the elements. Every tiny ledge was snow-masked. Yet we struggled upward, confident in physical fitness and depending on the fixed ropes which on such a day made the final steep slabs just possible and no more.

#### Hanging Over Eternity

**T**HE leading guide had climbed several feet above me when suddenly we saw him collapse. The fixed rope had broken away with his weight, and he flung down upon us at a frightful speed. The second guide stood at my side on a narrow ledge. It seemed that nothing could save us. Instantly and instinctively we elung shoulder to shoulder to the icy cliff, and Providence rushed to our aid at the crucial moment with a tremendous gust that almost carried us up to meet the falling body. Then there was a crash and all was darkness, but only momentarily. A crushing pain in the ribs recalled the fact that life was still mine to lose. We were safe. The rope quite close to my waist had been coiled around a small projecting knob of rock, and this precaution had saved the day. For a moment we hung over eternity on this small anchorage, but recovery was quick and certain. The leader nodded downward suggestively. The storm shrieked louder than ever overhead, but I pointed upward; the fighting spirit was aroused, the Matterhorn must not conquer. With rope still belayed round the outstanding rock, two of us clambered upward. The fixed cable was now useless. Where hand and foot hold failed, the leader stood on my shoulders and then actually made a footstool of my tender cranium. Woe betide the man who is weak in the head at such a time, for hobnailed boots are stubborn facts and take some understanding. However, the head stood firm. By this help the leader reached a good ledge, and drew himself up beyond the difficulty. The top was soon gained, and for the descent we tied on a long, spare rope, and slithered down it over the *mauvais pas*. Thus may the ascent of a comparatively safe peak become as difficult and dangerous as to be almost unjustifiable. All the great Alps seem to revel in similar treacherous tendencies. These are the



Unsafe snow bridge over the crevasse, Dent Blanche

the top is inaccessible from the south side. There is nothing there but the smooth slice of a thousand-foot precipice, cleft clean as though by some Titanic ax.

The first peak was accessible by a steep, icy couloir, but we chose to climb up the rocks on the left-hand side. The cold was intense, and the struggle with the snow-covered rocks proved wearisome. There was a growing inclination to leave these and take to the steep, loose snow in the bed of the couloir. We had almost yielded to the temptation when the guide took up a large rock and flung it out on to the surface of the treacherous snow. The result was startling. At first with a glide, then with a mighty rush, the snow slid off the icy bed of the couloir and, in ever-augmenting quantities, thundered down to the glacier a thousand feet below. Nobody had any desire to spend the rest of their lives sliding down that terrible slope, so we hugged the cold rocks as our best friends, and finally reached the ridge pole of the Grépon.

Bare crags where the sun had done its work now greeted us. A narrow rock gully gave the first excitement, for loose matter abounded. And loose tongues also, when one of the party tested the consistency of skulls and tempers by dislodging some fragments on to the heads of those below. The sight of the huge bastion of the North Peak, at close quarters, dissipated these minor troubles. It looked absolutely impregnable to direct assault.

#### A Desperate Struggle

**A** VERTICAL crack on the right was the only weak spot in the giant's armor. This was the world-famous Mummery Crack. I was soon in its clutches, with the right knee jammed in the narrow rift—the only support—while the other leg and most of the body overhung several hundred feet of nothingness. The hands wandered furtively over the smooth rocks overhead, but there seemed naught for the uplifting of humanity. The real work of the day had begun. The flat hand was thrust high up and far back into the crack; now the fingers were clenched hard and firm, skin was rent, but the jammed hand was secure. With a mighty heave, every muscle working in unison, the body was swung out and dragged up higher until, with a gasp

times when they gather in their victims.

In any but the best of weather the most difficult climbs, technically speaking, are utterly impossible. This remark applies to the Chamonix Aiguilles, those spiry-shaped peaks which push themselves forth so aggressively from the glacier-swathed slopes of Mont Blanc. Among these are undoubtedly the most difficult climbs in the world. The Aiguille de Grépon is the hardest of all. Every ascent abounds in thrilling adventure, and mine was no exception, as the story will show.

It had been a misty sunrise. However, some hours after leaving our night quarters, we strode out on to the upper glacier, and there stood the Grépon, towering clear and cloudless overhead. The jagged pinnacles of the summit stood out bulky and black against the eastern sky. In profile it somewhat resembled the outstretched digits of the human hand, the first finger representing the north peak and the third finger the south or highest point. We knew we had to cross all the great rock spires and negotiate those fearsome-looking gaps, for

## Risking One's Neck

*In the Wide World of Man's Adventuring for Pleasure  
Call of Red Gods, No Field Brings Him Greener  
than in Climbing the World's Most Dangerous Peaks*

By GEORGE D. ABRAMS

of satisfaction, a hold as big as an egg cup was gained. Soon the crack widened; the sinuosity of the serpent could be imitated as far as the top of the crack, where a broad ledge made "the joy of life in steepness overcome" seem very real.

We were now again on the cold, shady side of the peak, but easier rocks allowed quick passage up to the Cannon Hole, a curious natural passage through the narrow body of the mountain. On the other side glorious sunshine enwrapped us, and now was the time to enjoy our mountain sport.

#### On the Edge of Nothing

**G**REAT rough brown slabs rose tier on tier above us, well decorated with firm hand and foot holds, while the sensational element was scarcely wanting, for the tremendous cliff to which we clung dropped sheer on to the Mer de Glace some five thousand feet below. Skirting the North Peak on the right, we passed cautiously along the very crest of the sharp backbone of our mountain. Its narrowness seemed appalling, the more so as suddenly we crept, Caliban-like, to the edge of nothing. The crags below were undercut; part of the mountain seemed to have broken away and disappeared. We were cut off completely from the summit. This was the notorious Great Gap, a hundred feet deep, and absolutely unclimbable. But Providence often cares for the climber, and in this case has placed a projecting rock, round which a rope can be hitched.

This was close by our side, and one at a time the two of us were lowered over the edge and consigned to the strength of an Alpine Club rope. How feeble seemed this small connection between the world present and the world to come! To struggle for holds on the adjacent rock was the only diversion. The narrow landing-place below lay frightfully out of the line of descent, and there was an unpleasant tendency to realize that a falling body would miss this and hurtle through space to the everlasting snow field five thousand feet below.



The snow-corniced summit of the Dent

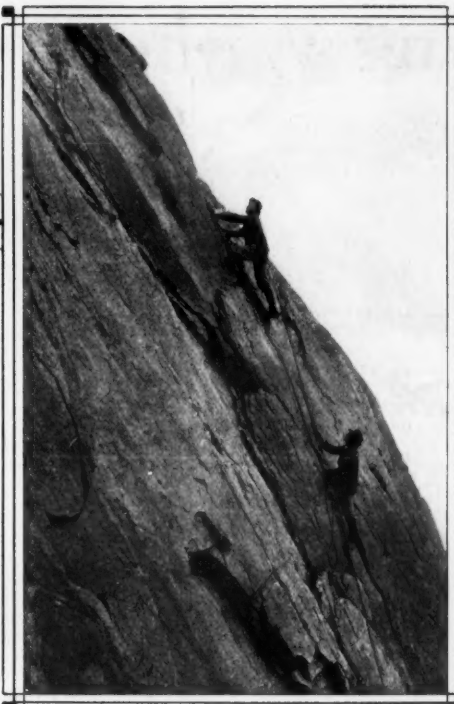




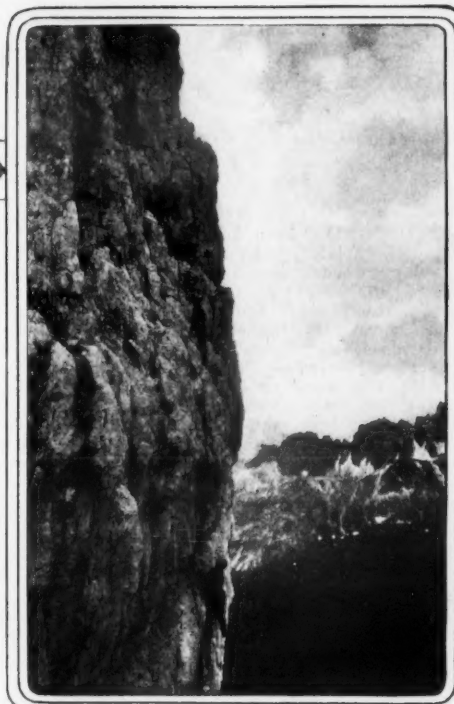
Grépon—the hardest climb in the world



Climbing the last 100 feet of the Torre Inglese



Some slabs on the Aiguille de Grépon—Chamonix



On the steep face of the Kleine Zinne

## s Neck for Records

*Adventuring for Pleasure, or in Response to the  
d Brings Him Greater Joy or Heavier Risks  
the World's Most Difficult Mountains*

MORGE D. ABRAHAM

as gained. ent could e a broad me" seem the peak, ne Cannon w body of nwrapped sport. above us, olds, while or the tre- on to the irting the ts the very e crept, below were ve broken etely from up, a hun- But Provi- case has be hitched.

low. However, at last the hands found hold on the less impending rocks, and a landing could be negotiated on the narrow apex of the ridge. Then came the eerie descent of the last man. Two hundred feet of rope were joined and a spare loop fixed around the belay. On the doubled rope he swung and clambered downward like a spider on a wall until his feet came within reach of our upstretched hands. All were safe again. We released one end of the rope and hauled with a will on the other until it came down to us. Then onward and upward we climbed, now impressed, and compressed also, by some narrow crack whose bottom overhung the abyss; now pushed cruelly backward by some impending rock, where the smallest of handholds barely checked the greedy grip of gravitation. If variety is charming, we bore charmed lives. One place especially thrust itself into my memory and anatomy. This was a painful stomach traverse along a sharp knife-edge of granite, with the feet dangling helplessly on either side. The sensation of being cut in two suggested the weird wonder which half would win in the flight down to its respective glacier.

### Amid Storm Clouds

BUT soon came the struggle up the summit tower and the sigh of satisfaction as the fingers gripped the final crack. The Grépon was ours; but the pride of conquest led to carelessness. The very topmost boulder lurched sickeningly under my weight; my hand slipped with the sud-

den surprise; verily pride almost came before a fall. Fortunately a good ledge just happened to arrest the backward plunge of a nailed boot. The situation was saved without my being ignominiously checked, and hauled up by the rope held warily by the leading guide.

Midday was now well past and distant summits far to the south were playing hide and seek amid oncoming storm clouds. No time could be spared for the glorious summit prospect. Just a hurried glance around on peaks of a thousand forms, with the

Great White Mountain dominating all in snowy magnificence. Then, quickly, we slid down the upper crack and peered over the terrific south precipice of the Grépon. Yet this was to be our downward path. The methods of the Great Gap were adopted. The doubled rope was brought into play, for, where outstanding rocks were not available, iron pegs had been driven firmly into convenient cracks, and after over two hours of this lowering the glacier was gained. A snow-storm chased us valleyward. Had it come an hour earlier the Grépon might have had the best of the argument.

The Aiguille Dru, which towers so grandly over the Chamonix Mer de Glace, ranks as but slightly less difficult than the Grépon. The desperate section is more concentrated on the Dru, but loose rocks aggravate the danger. An awkward icy chimney near the top, overhanging one of the most appalling precipices in the Alps, has led many climbers to think that discretion is the better part of valor, and they have returned.

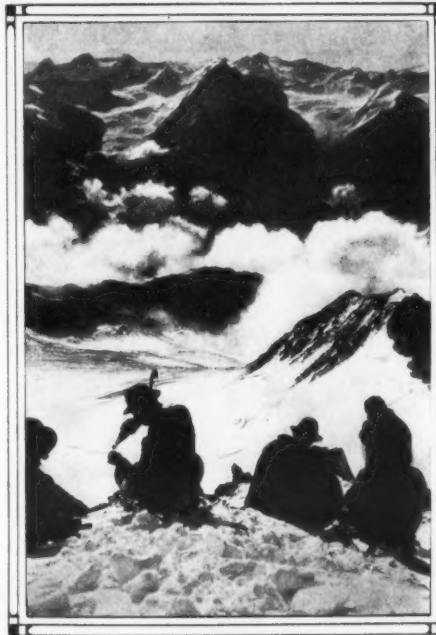
The whole party of four of us had a narrow escape here during my ascent. I had reached the top and stood by the guide who was preparing to pull on the loose rope to secure the following climber. The view straight down the vertical chimney was exceptionally fine. Beyond my companion's head, thirty feet lower, the eye saw, far, far below, fleecy mists rose-tinted with the sunrise. Now and again, beyond six thousand feet of space, gloomy glacier depths loomed through the vapor.

The enjoyment of the view was suddenly turned to terror. The rope must have stirred some loose fragments, for, while I gazed, a comparatively small stone dropped clean out of the bed of the chimney and lit with an ugly thud on the top of the head of the following climber. My cry of warning was too late. Strange to say, without uttering a word, he instantly became unconscious, and before I could reach the rope, lurched backward over the precipice. The fourth climber, who was close to him on a narrow ledge, grasped the situation instantly; he seized the rope wildly within a couple of feet or so of the injured climber's waist just before he disappeared over the edge. The strength of the last man stood us in good stead. He was able to support the inanimate weight until I could descend, and, aided by brandy and a good physique, the victim soon recovered consciousness. The damage turned out to be ridiculously small, yet had it not been for prompt action the morning papers of a few days later might have told a different tale.

### Climbing a Chimney

SOME of us had perforce to give up the ascent, but the others reached the summit. The most difficult place occurred above the chimney. A sloping ledge, which gradually narrowed to nothing, led out over the precipice to a steep corner on the left.

The climb upward from the ledge was severely sensational; at the crucial point there was only one tiny foothold, as big as a thimble, between us and annihilation. The ascent was a great strain on the steady nerves and skill of the leader; no help could be offered by the second climber; the slightest misplacement of the balance would have precipitated matters in more ways than one. Verily



Dawn on the heights below the Dent Blanche

the Aiguille Dru is no place for the married mountaineer.

To the expert the great snow peaks are seldom excessively difficult. Of these the Dent Blanche possesses a sanguinary history and ranks as the most treacherous of all the Alps.

Huge snow cornices overhang from the summit ridge, and during my ascent the greatest care was required to detect those veritable death traps. Near the top the snowy mass on which we walked settled down with an ominous grunt, and almost at the same moment the heavyweight of the party crashed through a weak section of the cornice.

We flung ourselves back instantly on to the solid side of the ridge, and the united pull on the rope saved our companion. He was paler than the snow, which was scarcely surprising, for his legs had dangled in mid-air over the awesome gulf, and for an instant there had been an uninterrupted view of the base of our fourteen-thousand-foot mountain.

Strange to say, when we returned two hours later, the overhanging cornice had disappeared; the precipice far below was scarred and marked by the falling debris. Naught remained now but a narrow snow ridge, along which we balanced cautiously in Blondin-like attitudes.

Some tremendous crevasses were also encountered on the Dent Blanche. They were usually bridged somewhere or other with masses of snow and ice, but one of them had caused many misgivings in the morning. When descending after the midday heat we found that the bridge had shrunk to the verge of falling. On all fours we crawled and slid over the rickety mass, but the last man refused the risk and cleared the gulf in what must have been a record long jump for such a situation.

### Famous Ascents

IN THE Austrian Alps some of the Dolomites are almost as difficult to climb as the Grépon. The peaks are not lofty, and ice is seldom encountered; they are rock climbs pure and simple.

Near Cortina rise the most famous summits; the two hardest are the Kleine Zinne and the Torre Inglese. On the former a tremendous upper precipice over a thousand feet high had to be scaled.

The steepness was astonishing, and a stone dropped in the final chimney fell, without touching anywhere, straight to the base of the peak. The ascent was made exhilarating by our guide's story concerning a German climber who fell here—only portions of him have been found.

On the Torre Inglese the final hundred feet of the fragile summit pinnacle offered no resting place. The structure was exceptionally smooth, and few places in the Alps demand so much strength, skill, and steadiness on the part of the leader.

Such are some of the most difficult climbs in the world, and until we revolute our anatomy to that of our simian ancestors, I think that nothing more desperate can be scaled.

The Grépon and the Dru are the high-water marks of the climbing craft; an ascent involving more difficulty and danger merely resolves itself into a form of gambling against the forces of nature with human life as the stake.



aw-corniced mit of the Dent Blanche

# Flying Without a Motor

*Orville Wright Soars to a Height of Two Hundred Feet, and Remains Motionless for Five Minutes, Proving That as Long as the Wind Blows a Heavier-Than-Air Machine Can Stay Aloft Without a Motor*

**S**UPPORTED by a forty-mile gale, Orville Wright, the aviator, hung suspended in a motorless biplane a few days ago over the crest of Kill Devil Hill, a giant sand dune raising its head a hundred-odd feet above the "banks" of North Carolina. For ten minutes and one second the delicately constructed glider remained aloft—for five as steady as though supported by an unseen hand—while Lorin Wright, the inventor's brother, and Alexander Ogilvie, an aviator from London, held watches which ticked off history-making minutes.

When Orville Wright finally dropped upon the meadows seven hundred feet away, as lightly as cotton flut-

By VAN NESS HARWOOD

noon, one cannot expect to have all the good things of life presented one at once.

The Wrights have a way of taking short steps to reach important goals, and the trying out of the new glider seemed a slow and laborious undertaking. It was evident at the start that the way was to be felt out cautiously, and that each move was to be thoroughly tested before the next one was made.

When the machine was first assembled it resembled the latest model Wright biplane, save that it was of lighter construction, being one-third the structural weight, and minus the engine. In this shape it failed to break the world's gliding record of one minute and twelve seconds, and Buster went angling for pin-fish. Orville went with Buster, Ogilvie went with Orville, and the lad's father went along to row the boat. Buster caught three fish and an eel—the rest, nothing. But when the party returned there was much sawing and hammering in the hangar, and the next day a vane, ten inches wide, half an inch thick, and five feet high, was attached to the glider on the right side of the flyer's seat.

plane when it strikes the ground; if you do, you will get hurt."

The second mishap resulted from imperfect balance. When the machine was twenty feet up, it turned a backward somersault, stood on end, and came down with a crash.

At the first sign of trouble Mr. Wright climbed in between the planes, and, as the glider went over, he turned with it, and came down on his feet.

For five seconds he had been sitting upside down, but apparently he was not even disturbed.

## Tacking into the Wind

**W**HAT the aviator was trying for all this time was to obtain a plane so balanced that it could tack into the wind with the canvas planes as a ship tacks with its sails.

He always sailed into the air current, and, provided the velocity was high enough and the biplane remained on an even keel, he stayed up. This was not often at first, but little by little he began to master the principle and the machine.

Physical as well as mental exercise was required, as the Wrights and Ogilvie politely declined aid in carrying the huge glider up the hill.

The wind into which they sailed helped them on the reverse journey, but the task was one for strong men. And muscular strength they surely had, else they would have succumbed long before the time came to break camp.

Plain food well cooked, outdoor air, and plenty of recreation kept the entire party in the pink of condition, and they grew accustomed to toil.

On the record-breaking flight Mr. Wright left the crest of Kill Devil Hill just at sunset and soared to a height of two hundred feet.

There he remained motionless for five minutes. Then he descended to two feet from the sand, rose, darted from side to side without moving forward or back, returned to the first position, backed over the hill's top, slanted upward, and settled to earth in an undulating sweep. On his trial next morning he failed to break his record, but he exercised even better control over the glider.

## The Bird Sense

**M**R. WRIGHT believes that once it is capable of remaining in the air indefinitely without a motor the aeroplane will have reached a point in efficiency which will not be greatly bettered in his day; but he holds that in time man will develop a bird sense which will permit him to locate unseen air currents and take advantage of them.



Preparing for a start in the new glider

ters from its boll, he had established beyond all question that man may invade bird realms in a heavier-than-air machine minus a motor, and remain there so long as sufficient wind blows to support his plane.

That there is much to be accomplished before a soaring biplane reaches a state of perfection is obvious to those who watched the experiments, but it remains a fact that the scientific principle whereby man may fly approximately like the denizens of the air has been discovered. Mr. Wright, always ultra-conservative, admits that a machine will be built capable of soaring ten hours, and if this be a true prophecy, there seems no reason to the lay mind why an experienced aviator may not stay aloft indefinitely.

## Back to Kitty Hawk

**W**HEN Wilbur and Orville Wright decided to experiment along soaring lines they chose their old stand at Kitty Hawk for the trials. Here, in 1900, they flew their first glider, aided only by the life-savers of the Kill Devil station and such hardy fishermen as make the isolated and barren waste their home, and, finding it as inaccessible as the few inhabitants were discreet, it was natural they should again turn to it.

Moreover, in the great dune they found a hill more suitable for their purpose than any other in America. The elevation, built entirely of fine, shifting sand, rises in an abrupt curve on one side and falls away precipitously on the other. Slice an apple once through the center with a biscuit cutter and you will get the idea.

The rounded edge faces the ocean and the winds, and the concave side looks out upon Albemarle Sound and the Dismal Swamp. At the base herds of razorback hogs, grubbing a scanty living among the roots of wire-grass, roam the sands; mosquitoes, chiggers, seedticks, and moccasin snakes invade the oases of swamp and occasional woodland, making life a veritable burden, and fleas, more pestiferous if less dangerous than the moccasins, add to the general discomfort.

It was among such surroundings as these that Orville Wright pitched his camp in a composite hangar and laboratory, and began experiments. To make room for the glider, the cot beds were placed on the rafters, the gasoline stove on which all the meals were cooked by the inventor himself was tucked away in a corner, and the school books and fishing tackle of Buster, as Lorin Wright's ten-year-old son Horace is called, were consigned to a very small box in a very small niche.

## Insect Companions

**B**ETWEEN cramped quarters, clouds of mosquitoes, and myriads of the liveliest fleas man was ever called upon to contend with, life was not an unalloyed joy, but the hill and the success of the experiments made up for many discomforts, and, as the aviator expressed it while bathing a swollen ankle one after-



The glider motionless though the wind was blowing a gale

That afternoon the machine stayed up one minute and fifteen seconds, and papers throughout the civilized world chronicled the fact.

Although the plane remained up longer than any glider had kept to the air before, it did not ride steadily, and there was much tinkering with wires, struts, and planes.

## Important Changes

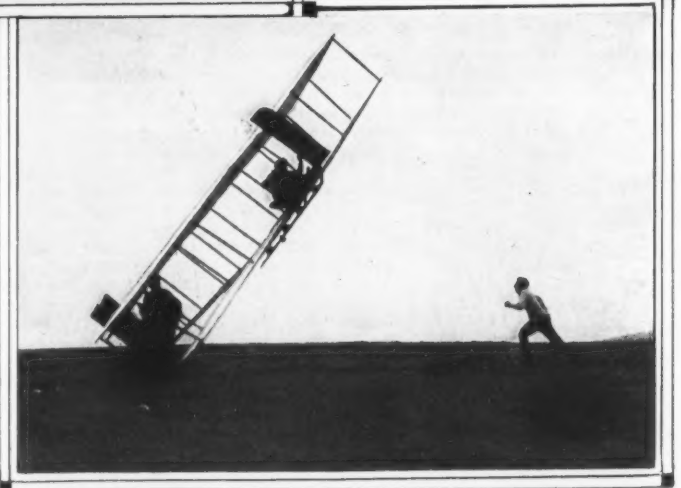
**A**FTER a while Mr. Wright quit work, and shot holes in a target with a small caliber rifle. Then he changed the vane to the other side of his seat and made further experiments.

More tail was added, taken off, and replaced. One wire was let out and another tightened, and the wings were given a sharper warp. Between these changes, small in themselves but mighty important in the aggregate as it turned out, there were fishing trips, picnics, and five-mile journeys in a hired motor boat for mail and supplies. Finally the vane was set out from the skids a little at a time until it extended five feet from the plane.

While this was going on, two accidents occurred which might have resulted in the death of Mr. Wright had he not known his machine as an engineer knows the locomotive he drives.

Once the glider fell fifteen feet, tossing the aviator forward as it turned turtle.

"I could have clung to the stays, but that would have given me too much of a shock," he said as he picked himself up. "Never try to stick to an aero-

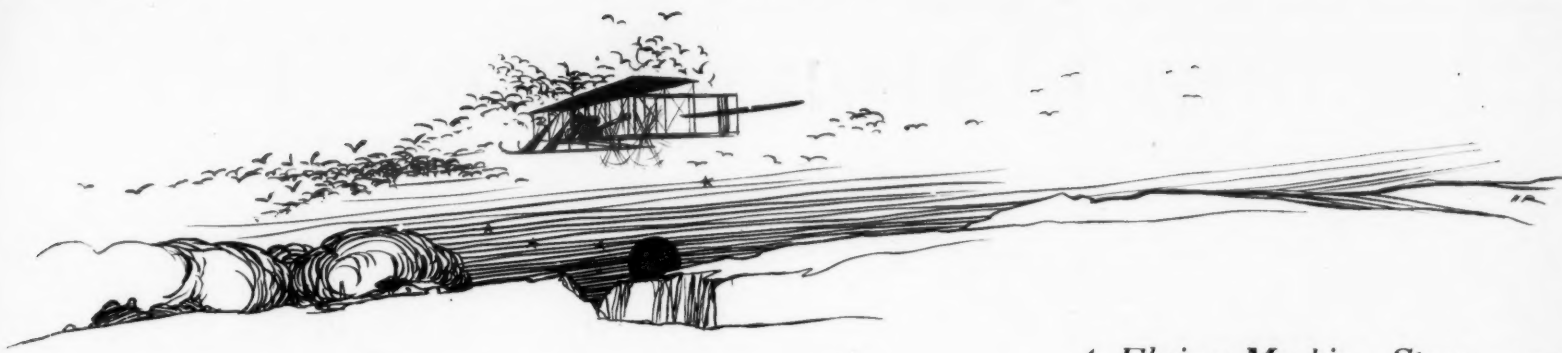


The glider once turned a somersault, but Mr. Wright escaped unhurt

This high state of aviation will not come at once, but will develop through evolution. He does not hope that man will ever be able to fly as do the birds, as their motive power is compactly stored within themselves, and, for the area covered by their wings, they are able to make quicker shifts in position than an aeroplane; but he is firm in the opinion that man can remain aloft in a heavier-than-air machine and soar with the birds in high winds.

How long it will take to perfect the balancing device even Mr. Wright does not care to prophesy, but that an epoch-making stride has resulted from the experiments he is free to admit.





# "Going Up?"

*A Flying-Machine Story—and  
Something Else*

By EDWIN BALMER AND WM. MACHARG

HANNAN, as he passed another group in a waiting automobile, heard the question repeated: "Would you go up?"

He heard it again crossing the street: "Would you go up?"

"They're talking about the flying meet at Portland," he recollected. The first flights were to take place that afternoon; then he dismissed it; for Portland was sixty miles away, and out of the Congressional district where Hannan, in the last week of this campaign, was with his back to the wall fighting for his political life.

The sight of the tall, almost awkward, form of Leeds—the till-two-months-ago unknown lawyer who so suddenly had risen to endanger him—aided in bringing Hannan's reflections back with a bump to his candidate Cragin's chances.

Six times in succession in the past twelve years, and each time with a larger majority, Hannan had put Cragin "over," with a steady increase in Hannan's personal authority, and the more substantial things which can be made to accompany it. Continuance of the record in this campaign meant much to Hannan—but this thought was of slight importance in view of this sudden incredible probability of defeat unless something different—very radically, basically different—were done at once.

HE ENTERED a building, puffed up the stairs to the newspaper offices upon the second floor, and drove open the door to the editor's office.

Carrick, awaiting him, lifted swiftly his shrewd, gray face, and his eyes snapped defensively and obstinately. As editor of the Stanton "Express," Carrick had supported Cragin's campaign as many times as Hannan had backed it. Carrick's was the trained and crafty brain whose swift and cynical intuitions pointed the road for Hannan's plodding, sordid, but more powerful thought.

But this morning Carrick himself realized, when his own black, irrevocable headlines upon the news stands first caught his eye, that, in his hatred of Leeds, he had overdone it. Yet, as his glance shifted sharply from the crumpled copy of the "Express" tossed back upon his own desk, to its tightly rolled counterpart in Hannan's huge hand, his eyes flashed a warning.

Hannan, scrutinizing this look, tossed the paper carelessly into the wastebasket, as though he had been carrying it unaware.

"Carrick," he said confidently, "we're coming into the last innings; and we're going a bit stale. That's all. What do you say to a day off?"

"A day off—for me?" he echoed and smiled.

Hannan, while waiting for the thought to grow familiar, had time to arrange the scraps of talk upon the street. He had unconsciously registered them when he heard them, but their possible value and applicability he was appreciating only now.

"It will do us both the world and all of good, Carrick. Run up to Portland in my car with me. We'll take the afternoon off and see the planes. That devil Drozier's flying to-day, they say."

THE editor looked up.

"Leeds"—Hannan realized that the opposing candidate's more than usual awkwardness the moment before was due to a motor coat. "Leeds is going over." He got up and slapped the editor on the back.

For the first time, he seemed to notice the crumpled newspaper upon the desk, and pointed.

"You hurt us this morning. People won't believe Leeds isn't honest because he's never had a chance at the trough! He's running them off their feet to him with their liking for him—himself. And you've been doing too much office thinking. This is all the old stuff you're slinging against him. And it don't stick! He's new. So you've got to get out something new to put it to him—new, Carrick! Come out and take a look at him yourself. Remember,

man, it's not twelve years ago; they're flying this day at Portland."

Carrick gnawed his lips. "You can pick me up at noon, Hannan."

But when Hannan was gone, he leaped up.

Hannan had said it. He had been fighting a new man with the old methods. He had gone ahead, parrot-wise, running through the old stuff. But always before, Cragin had been running against politicians, men with pasts—assailable men, and fear-filled. This Leeds had no past. He had been snatched from obscurity in a convulsive spasm of party "insurgency." Afterward it had been easy enough to find out about him. He was a lawyer—wealthy by inheritance and unsuccessful! He never had a big case in his life.

Carrick had heard Leeds speak at the beginning of the campaign. There was nothing in him. A tall, thin, gangling, quiet-faced man—people said he looked like Lincoln. He had no stage presence. He shambled forward to the extreme edge of the platform and stood there, at first uncomfortably, as though he would have been glad to escape from the position, but afterward in forgetfulness of everything, even his audience. He used no gestures—only, as he spoke, his eyes swept the audience across and across with a sort of monotonous regularity. And Carrick had found him, then, as he found him still—invulnerable, except by some different weapon from any they had yet used—insidious, artful. Why had not he, Carrick—the crafty, the shrewd—seen this before?

His face in the noon sunlight, as he greeted Hannan, looked pinched and grayer than before.

So Carrick himself directed Hannan, driving the car about and about the parking space for machines at the south end of the long, wide, gay, beflagged and pyloned flying field on the outskirts of Portland till at last they came to a stop three places away in the close-set ranks from the big French car, ornate and ostentatious in white and silver, in the tonneau of which he had glimpsed through the crowding heads the "insurgent" candidate from Stanton.

ON THE running board of the French car a little man, baby-faced, in linen coat, hatless, and with amber goggles pushed back on to the smooth dome of his bald head, danced and piped. His shrill and strident voice penetrated to them through the tumult of the crowd: "When I was a boy—yes, sir, when I was a boy—who could have foreseen, I ask you gentlemen, a day like this!"

Hannan grunted: "Weatherby's car. Hasn't Weatherby ever seen an aeroplane before?"

"Sure." Carrick in his absorption hardly heeded. "That remark probably occurred to him the first time he did, so he repeats it every time he sees another."

Carrick's eyes were upon Leeds. The face, made more rugged by its own shadows in the sun, was tipped back, intently lifted. Carrick, in spite of his determination to look at Leeds and only at Leeds, followed spontaneously the direction of the wide, attentive eyes.

Between five hundred and a thousand feet above the flying field, a white biplane and a brown monoplane swooped and circled. Half a mile in the air—as closely as could be judged from the field—keeping directly over the business section of the city, a second biplane slowly spiraled. Its make and design were precisely the same as the make and design of the biplane flying over the field; but across the planes of this one, corkscrewing up higher and higher over the city, broad crimson bands had been painted, so that no one, discovering the machine in the air, might mistake it for any other—so that every one who glanced up could attract others' attention confidently. "Oh, say, there's Drozier! That's the fellow that fell at Alameda and killed his passenger. That red stripe's him—Drozier!" And Carrick felt Hannan's grasp upon his wrist, and saw cut across his field of vision Hannan's big finger pointing.

It was more than three months since Drozier, in that same red-streaked machine, had fallen and killed his passenger in his flight at Alameda. But the air pilot, Carrick knew, had spent two of those three months in the hospital; his machine had only just been rebuilt. This meet at Portland was the first in which he had been entered since he had been hurt; he was making this flight in it, not over the field, but over the city; and now, as Carrick could see when the planes tipped up quickly as it climbed, Drozier was carrying a passenger again.

THE first biplane still circled overhead, black against the sun. The monoplane was upon the ground. Across his sight, abruptly as a darting bird, Drozier's airship was volplaning to alight. The rattling thunder of its exhaust had stopped; a dozen feet above the sward it righted sharply, yet still came nearer and nearer to the earth. A clumsy, almost toppling, structure, it bumped its way for thirty yards and stopped. The aviator descended stiffly from his seat. He lighted at once and began to suck eagerly at a cigarette. Then he turned to help the second man, who descended more stiffly still.

They shook hands and the second man nervously laughed. Stiffly and constrainedly, as though the earth on which he stepped had become in the last half hour an unfamiliar element, this second man walked toward the exit from the field. As he came, the crowd along his course galvanized into frantic activity; it jumped, it waved, it cheered. He laughed embarrassedly, and took off his hat.

Carrick, watching the spread of the applause and the pleasure of the crowd over the passenger, squinted in half inquiring, half envious consideration. Not knowing yet what feeling for an idea had come to him, he spun around suddenly and looked at Leeds. The tenseness had disappeared from the insurgent candidate's face; like the others in the automobile with him and like all the others about, he was watching the man who had just descended with Drozier. Carrick knew that running through Leeds's mind was the same question which was running through all the others—his own and Hannan's, too: "Would I go up?" And the editor's eyes could read upon Leeds's face his answer to that question, as he could read it upon the faces of the others—upon the younger, pretty, and lively face of Leeds's wife, for instance, who sat beyond him in the tonneau.

She, it was perfectly plain, was afraid—afraid—yet, if Drozier should cross now and ask her to be a passenger, she would go up, as Carrick knew he himself must, if he were asked before others; as he knew Hannan, beside him, also must, and as must Cragin, if he were there. But he knew that Leeds would not—and it would not be from fear that he would not. Why Leeds would not did not make any difference. The point was, Leeds would not go up, and Cragin, if he were asked, must!

Carrick jerked his companion's arm. "Come on," he whispered abruptly. "Let's get out of here!"

"Tired of it already?" Hannan demanded.

"No; through!"

LEEDS reached home just before midnight, two days later, from a series of meetings in a remote corner of Stanton. As he went up the narrow walk between the sweet-smelling bushes to his house, he saw from the lights in the library that some one else besides his wife—probably Stedman, his campaign manager—was awaiting him.

From what had happened that evening, the candidate was expecting Stedman; still he had hoped he would find only his wife this night.

He went in and found it was Stedman. A lawyer, like Leeds himself, Stedman was not a professional politician.

"Well," he directly brought up the matter between them. "They asked you to go up?"

"Yes."

"And you refused, as is said?"

(Continued on page 32)

# China's Man of Destiny

*The Rise of Yuan-Shih-K'ai, to Whom the Imperial Party Has Given Dictatorial Powers*

By GEORGE MARVIN

**M**Y FIRST impression of Yuan-Shih-K'ai was as Viceroy of Chihli in 1907. It is a memory of a City of Dreadful Dust. Out the smooth macadam boulevard that he had built I was driving to the Viceroy's yamen in the native city of Tientsin. Between squinted eyelids I made out a world of semiopaque yellowness through which passed vague processions of men and beasts, a succession of shadowy buildings, and the unreal masts and funnels of shipping storm-bound at the river docks. Verily the whole of the Gobi Desert had lifted itself bodily out of Mongolia and come, as it sometimes does, on the wings of the north wind, to brood over Tientsin.

The patter of ponies' hoofs stopped before a looming dark gateway, which swung open to admit us into the quiet harbor of a court. The mounted courier scrambled out of his saddle and presented our cards, long strips of red paper with the Chinese equivalents of our names splashed thereupon in black characters, and we were left in the presence of a small army of guards—big, swarthy, six-foot Shantung or Chihli men, holding shining Mausers and quite at their ease in smart uniforms of black and red. From their somewhat militant scrutiny we were presently relieved by the major-domo, who held our cards up over his head as he motioned us into a rich place beyond of rugs and electric lights. Inside mandarins and officers were standing, gorgeous in silk and satin; tall, graceful, and apparently bored, wearing their turned-up hats of black and red, with slanting peacock feathers and the buttons of their respective ranks. And then, suddenly, there was the Viceroy—a disappointing, plain, somber figure, not at all viceregal.

Yuan-Shih-K'ai is short, thick-set, bull-necked, comfortable—a softened Roosevelt with an atmosphere of Seth Low, yet the sheer personality of him pervades the place. It is, however, an authoritative rather than an easy presence. You will rarely if ever find a Chinese official of high rank aggressive in manner, bustling or busy. Unvarying personal dignity is characteristic of them all, but Yuan has not the elegance of the late Chang Chih-tung, his venerable colleague in the Grand Councilorship, of that very fine gentleman, Prince Pu-lun, or of Liang Tun-yen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Such men can lounge and relax, as Mr. Balfour does in the House of Commons, and lose nothing by it. Yuan belongs to the more bourgeois type, unrelaxing, alert, on guard.

## His Personality

**H**IS strength strikes you in the quiet, resonant voice, the decided movements; most of all in the expression of his eyes, which are very dark, large, cool, and inscrutable. But in his glance there is often something hawklike, almost prehensile. He is the kind of man who takes his glass or cup of tea unerringly from an attendant without shifting his gaze from the person he is talking to. You would soon be convinced that he belongs to that very small class of the people whom you cannot fool any of the time.

Yuan-Shih-K'ai was born about fifty-three years ago in the province of Honan, which borders southward on Chihli—the provinces containing Peking and Tientsin. His people were obscure gentry, and he owed his rise to the highest executive position in the Empire to nothing else than his innate ability and persistence and the Heaven-sent gift of guessing right. Until very recently the way into Chinese officialdom led only through the doors of academic learning, the most rigid examinations in the Chinese classics providing the tests of executive ability. Consequently until within the last thirty years practically all offices within the gift of the Throne, save those filled by royal or Manchu prerogative, were in the hands of these so-called literati, a class of administrators corresponding very exactly to the medieval schoolmen in Europe, and about as well fitted as they to shoulder present-day civic responsibility.

Yuan does not belong to this class. He is an indifferent scholar, and, although a great reader, the only learning he advocates and seeks is the practical knowledge of men and affairs, which can be supplemented, but not derived, from books. Accordingly, his early years were sterile of reward until at thirty-five he was appointed Chinese Resident in Korea, at that time, 1893, a dependency of China. The question of sovereignty in the Hermit Kingdom was settled by the China-Japanese War of 1894-95, which also demonstrated clearly how hopelessly antiquated was the Chinese army. Yuan returned to Peking with his lesson well learned, a lesson further emphasized by the Boxer uprising five years later.

In that disturbance Yuan's rôle was negative. As



Yuan-Shih-K'ai, the Man of the Hour in China

It was he who made China's modern army and upon him the Imperial party is depending to bridge the gap between the reactionaries and the more extreme revolutionists

Governor of Shantung he at first held down the disorder in his own district, and when commanded to reinforce the rabble before Peking, he obeyed orders, but did what he could to neutralize his Imperial mistress's error by advancing at the rate of a mile a day until the Legations were relieved by the Allies.

In November, 1901, Yuan-Shih-K'ai, as newly appointed Viceroy of Chihli, took over the city of Tientsin from the Provisional Government. His international prominence began from that time. During his period of office, from 1901-1907, he made a new city of Tientsin, completely reorganized his metropolitan province on a basis of efficiency, created six divisions of a modern army, founded hospitals, schools, and universities, and, what is more important than founding them, kept them going. And in the midst of all his municipal and provincial activities he found time to reach a long arm six hundred miles up into Manchuria to hold the door open and help revivify that crucified province for China. And the powers sat up and took notice that there was something vertebrate about north China.

## Soldiers in Khaki; Macadam and Electric Lights

**N**O OTHER single achievement of his won for him so much fame as the organization of his army. His other reforms are less generally known, for it is a human weakness that military exhibitions are more impressive than sanitary improvements. But it is his versatility that is most impressive. He said, for example, Let there be light along the dark ways of Tientsin, and forthwith there was electric light, and lo! the ways were made macadam, kept in order by a street cleaning brigade, and policed by soldierly gendarmes. In 1907 nearly ten thousand children were going to modern schools in Tientsin, and under Dr. Tenny, an American, at present Chinese secretary to the Legation at Peking, the Peiyang College, founded by Yuan, became famous throughout China. In January, 1902, he was put in charge of the northern railways, and showed the same administrative capacity in that office as he had in military and municipal affairs.

But during all of his time as Viceroy his plans and ambitions far exceeded the borders of his province. I have spoken of his support of the Manchurian administration. He also from time to time had a hand in shaping national policies. Many of the enlightened edicts issued in the last decade of the Empress Dowager's régime were either prompted by him or actually drafted under his direction. He was mainly responsible for the decree sending commissions abroad to study constitutional government in order subsequently to organize provincial assemblies in China. The famous edicts against the opium trade and the ancient custom of foot binding are credited to his initiative. These reforms, coming

after the Boxer times, corresponded to the Young China movement, and were popular, except with the reactionaries about the court of Peking.

In China there are two distinct reform parties, the Ka-ming-tang and the Kao-lao-hui. The latter is the extreme revolutionary party, composed of the more unruly anarchistic societies of south China, dedicated to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of a republic. The Ka-ming-tang was, until the present outbreak, more influential, including some of the ablest of the foreign students and influential commercial interests. It has sought its ends by peaceful means, but advocates most of the political and economic reforms of the extremists from whom its members differ chiefly in the means intended to accomplish these ends.

With this latter party Yuan is in sympathy. He does not lay the emphasis so much upon that anti-foreign shibboleth: "China for the Chinese"; he would rather say China *by* and *of* the Chinese. He is insistent upon educational and industrial reforms, clearing the way for political changes. As an evidence of this attitude while he was China's most stalwart champion in opposing Japanese and Russian aggrandizement in Manchuria, he desired an understanding with the United States, whose lack of territorial ambitions in China he was in a peculiarly favorable position to appreciate, and whose cooperation in the economic reconstruction of his country, from currency reform to reforestation, he sought to encourage. Many of his closest associates were students educated in America, the most notable of them being Tang-Shao-yi, Liang Tun-yen, ex-president of the Wai Wu Pu, and now Foreign Secretary in the new Cabinet, and Alfred Sze, the newly appointed Minister to this country. As part of his policy he planned the special embassy of Tang-Shao-yi to Washington in the autumn of 1908.

To understand clearly Yuan's precipitate fall in January, 1909, and his recent recall from political exile to become dictator, it is necessary to go back to the *coup d'état* of 1898.

## Yuan's Temporary Eclipse

**T**HE late Emperor, Kuang Hsu, attained his majority under the Regency of his aunt, that wonderful old Semiramis, Tze Hsi. He was both physically and mentally impotent, the saddest figure in the dim annals of the Forbidden City. One bright hour of hope he had when he thought he saw his mission to become Emperor in fact as well as in name. About him had gathered a group of young reformers, chief of whom was the famous Kang-Yu-wei, who thought they saw in the weakness of the Emperor a ready instrument for their ambitious designs. Accordingly, they planned, and he promulgated a series of reformatory edicts which would have resulted eventually in relegating the Empress to political oblivion and starting the Empire some fourteen years earlier upon the course to which it seems now committed.

Yuan, whom the Emperor trusted, was then in command of an army corps, and instead of carrying out the Emperor's secret instructions, he allowed information of his designs to reach the Dowager Empress. The *coup d'état* of 1898 resulted, and the course of reform as then planned was summarily defeated, the unfortunate Emperor continuing thereafter and until the day of his death a mere marionette in the strong hands of the Dowager. By his judgment at this crisis Yuan-Shih-K'ai earned the enduring confidence and favor of the Empress, but the unhappy Emperor never forgave him.

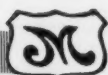
And so it came about that when by the sudden death of both the Emperor and the Empress Dowager in November, 1908, the little four-year-old Prince Pu-yi was declared successor to the Dragon Throne, with his father, Prince Ch'un, as Regent, every one knew Yuan was doomed. His dismissal came a month later, immediately after the period of official mourning was over.

One of the immediate effects of his fall was the recall a few days afterward of Tang-Shao-yi, on special mission at Washington. Much had been hoped for as a result of Tang's visit to the United States. Nominally his mission was to return thanks to the United States for the remission of the Boxer indemnity, but in addition to that formal duty, Yuan and Tang had hoped to gain moral and financial support from the United States in making a firm stand against Russian and Japanese aggression in Manchuria, and in developing the resources of that enormous province.

And now, after three years of obscurity, the cycle of Cathay has swung clear round again, and Yuan-Shih-K'ai—publicly recognized by the interests that

(Concluded on page 27)





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The Car that is decidedly in a class all its own—the unbeaten "King of the Road." The car with a motor that has *vanquished* every rival in all the late Endurance, Reliability, and Economy Contests, *winning unprecedented victories.*

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1910 Glidden Tour, covering nearly 3000 miles without even a tool being touched—out-riding, out-pointing cars of every size, power and price—even six cylinders.

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No Other Car in America offers you a motor with such a "proved-on-the-road" reputation. No Other Car in America offers you a motor with a stroke as long, based on bore—4 x 6. No Other Car in America offers you a motor that runs smoother, more flexible, dependable.

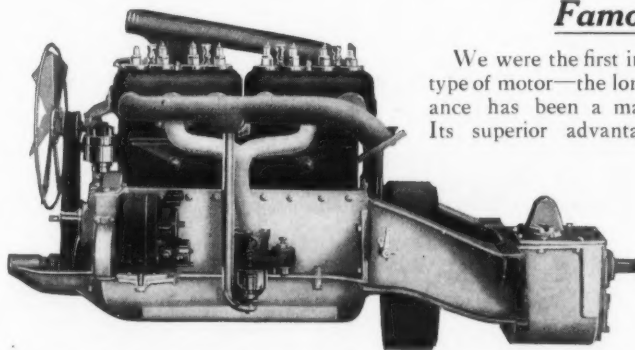
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The trim is heavy nickel plate and black enamel. Upholstering genuine black leather. The tonneau and fore-seat spaces are unusually liberal. In fact, every appointment is on a par with cars costing \$1000 more.



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We were the first in this country to adopt the long stroke type of motor—the longest made in America, and its performance has been a marvel to the American motor public. Its superior advantages are so marked—so decided—there is little wonder at its signal success.

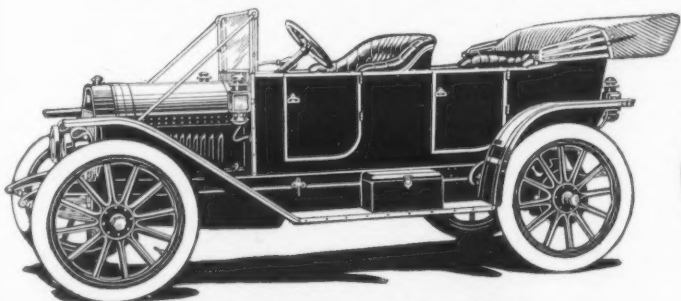
Briefly these are: Less vibration, smoother, quieter running, greater power on slower speeds; greater flexibility in handling, especially in crowded or dangerous districts; greater hill-climbing ability; lower fuel consumption; longer life; lower up-keep cost; greater dependability.

Advance Folder No. 38, giving full information and showing all four models, gladly mailed on request.

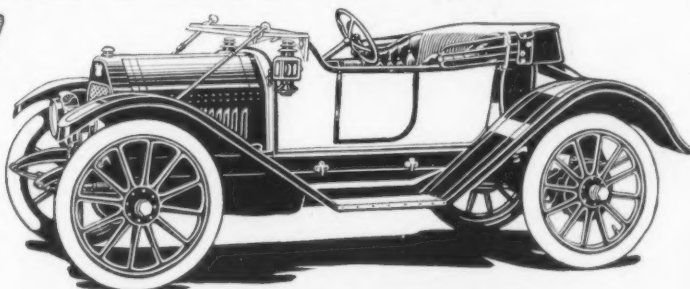
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To meet this demand we have designed and will exhibit at the coming National Automobile shows a Hupp-Yeats Electric Coach so luxurious in its refinements and appointments that the price must be and is \$5,000. It is an equipage of such exquisite beauty as to carry one back a few centuries, to the time when the hand of the carriage-maker created art almost as much as the brush of the painter or the chisel of the sculptor. It must be seen to be appreciated.

There will also be other models at \$4,500, \$4,000, \$3,500, \$3,000 and \$2,500.

All of these, except in coach work, finish, upholstery and accessories, will be identical with the chassis of our Regent model, 86 in. wheel base at \$1,750 and the Patrician model, 100 in. wheel base at \$2,150.

For we cannot improve the mechanical efficiency of the motor or the distinguished lines of the Hupp-Yeats Electric Coach. We cannot improve its present absolute safety. It is a conceded fact that we are well in advance of the best the world has to offer in these respects.

We have added these models in direct response to the growing demands from those who desire not only the best in an electric car, but a supreme luxury and art in its appointments as well.

No other car, perhaps, has met with so great a success in the same short time as the Hupp-Yeats Electric Coach, with its low-hung French style of body.

The graceful low-hung body insures the greatest ease in entering or leaving the car. Better still, it insures a car that is the last word in the element of safety, and that affords ample room for four persons, without discomfort or cramped apparel.

Drop forgings of nickel steel are used throughout the car.

The motor is the very best that the great Westinghouse Company can produce. It is so mounted and geared that we are enabled to secure a mileage so far beyond the ordinary requisites that the operator does not have to give it a thought. The famous Exide Hycap Batteries and Good-year long distance No-Rim-Cut Tires on the Regent and Patrician models; Exide Ironclad Batteries and Motz High Efficiency Cushion Tires on all other models—optional.

Batteries are easily accessible, merely by raising the French hood at the front of the car.

No matter what model you buy, you get in the Hupp-Yeats a distinction, a class, a safety and a value that no other electric possesses.

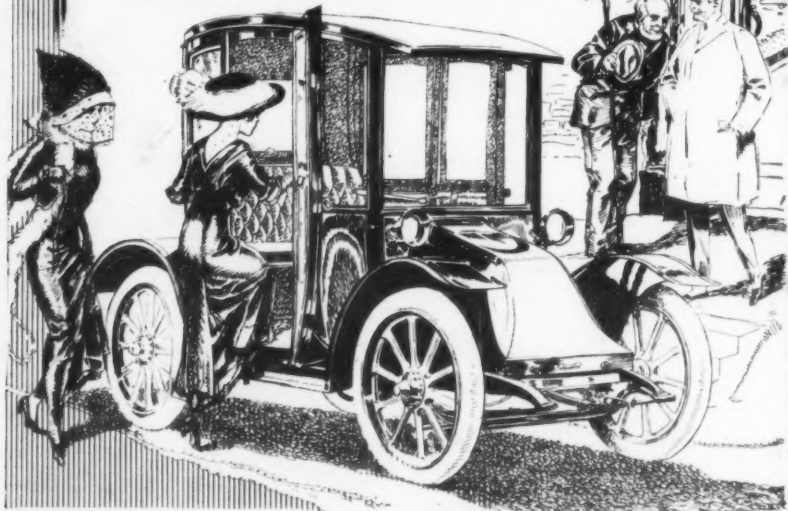
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# THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

## The Grouch Cure

TO THE fan with a long memory, a close, fairly-contested game of baseball of the first class is a balmy panacea for a grouch; especially one of those periodic grouch attacks superinduced by the occasional breach of sporting manners to which overheated and uncontrolled players are addicted. Thus I mused, as mellowing under the tonic, clean skill of the Athletics, I watched the struggles of the World's series (in which the all-round cleverer Athletics of Philadelphia overwhelmed the chesty New York Giants relying upon a star pitcher and daring base running), and meditated upon the improvement that has come to the professional game in sheer skill, in ethics of the players, and in the spirit of the spectators since I first knew it in the late '70's.

There can be no dragging forth of the "good old days" in professional baseball to shame and belittle the modern exhibit, unless you go back to the '60's, for rioting among the partisans, corruption among the managers and foul tactics among the players were not unusual match accompaniments. Even in the clean play days of the '60's, spectators were wont to express their disapproval of the course of a game by mobbing the umpire or the players themselves; and police protection often was a needed precaution when a visiting team batted to victory. In those lively days, indeed, the visiting manager sought the biggest barge of the local livery stable that, returning from the game, the team might lie prone on its floor, and so escape some of the stones hurled at them by disappointed and disapproving enthusiasts.

## The Essence of Success

BUT they were honest days, even though they were full of such crude expression. Gambling and its corrupting influence took all the sport out of baseball in the late '70's, and would have wrecked the game completely had it not been for the initiative and the determination of William A. Hulbert of Chicago and the support given him by Messrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford, Connecticut, and A. G. Spalding of Boston. Mr. Hulbert's reading of the riot act to the managers and his declaration for a purified league saved the day, and the new order started life governed by the following three principles:

"First—To encourage, foster, and elevate the game of baseball.

"Second—To enact and enforce proper rules for the exhibition and the conduct of the game.

"Third—To make baseball playing respectable and honorable."

After several years of desperate fighting, the game was wrested from the control of the gamblers and has grown increasingly distant from their influence ever since. Honesty in organization and cleanliness in play proved the salvation of professional baseball and remain the very essence of its prosperity. The frank and spontaneous condemnation of the Giant center fielder Snodgrass by a New York crowd when he spiked Baker, the fair spirit which ruled among Philadelphia and New York spectators alike in the heat of combat in the closing innings of the 4-3 New York game, seemed almost the millennium compared with the old days. Nothing could so strikingly emphasize this evolution in ethics and in the general atmosphere as the conduct of the players and the spectators at the time of that sensational episode. That men playing under salary, shadowed by gate receipts, surrounded by an atmosphere of intense partisanship, should play the game in such good spirit and so fairly is highly meritorious. The exhibition of the World's series seems to me to reflect great credit upon both the players and the game; as well as to bear witness to the innate love of fair play with which the American is endowed.

The times have changed, indeed. And it is good, as I say, to reflect on this change when our passions are aroused by some player prone to "dirty ball."

It is because of its great and splendid qualities that we must preserve the game against introduction of the meaner strains of inferior players who seek to secure by foul work a decision they are unable to achieve by skill.

## Doping the Dopers

YET something remains to be done, partly from the inside, and largely from the outside—if the spectator equals the best players in his show of sportsmanly spirit the future promises well.

Rules that forbid sliding feet first, that forbid the side-lines to all the batting side save one in the coaching box, and that severely punish blocking and interference, would remove the channels through which the foul player is able to operate. Nor would such laws in any sense lessen the skill or the generalship or the "inside" play. They would, on the other hand, relieve professional baseball of its one seriously objectionable element—spiking—and expel the tricks which give the game neither added strength nor entertainment.

Really these "tricks" are buncombe for the most part, having slight influence on the results of a game. But they do profit the "dope" writers and so yield an amusing literature (sic) of the game out of their imaginative flights. One of the cleverest and most dramatic of this school has recently offered an ingenious explanation of perverted baseball ethics; he says:

"Sportsmanship is a relative quantity. In cricket it is unsportsmanlike to bowl until addressed by the batter; in a logging camp, it is sportsmanlike to kick a fallen adversary in the face with spiked boots. . . . The things branded as unsportsmanlike are the bits of strategy by which one team seeks a trivial advantage of position."

## Honesty and Policy

SPORTSMANSHIP is not so much a relative term as it is a misapplied one. It means merely fair play within the rules of the game. Bits of strategy are permissible in all games, are, indeed, the spirit of football infinitely more than of baseball, but kicking a man in the face when he is down is not "strategy"; it is the dirtiest example of foul play, indefensible on any ground. In a game so commercialized as baseball, there is bound to be an attempt to outwit, to trick, to get the better of the other side by manifold means, such as "fixing" the grounds, or "doping" the ball, or stealing signals, or a hundred other schemes that many minds and repeated seasons suggest. But so long as the sport remains clean, so long as the games are decided on their merits and the men play fair, the quality of baseball will not be impaired nor the reputation of American sportsmanship besmirched.

For much of the present misunderstanding of the game the sensational reporters must be held in a large measure responsible. Professional baseball is a business, organized on a business basis. The clubs are owned by business men who have invested their money. They know full well from past history that collusion of managers, corruption of players, toleration of foul tactics on the diamond, will result in a repetition of the disastrous late '70's. These gentlemen know that it is good business to keep baseball clean and honest. And if for no other reason than business acumen, baseball will remain so.

We should not take too seriously the newspaper charges against the management in New York of connivance with the speculators in the matter of tickets for the World's series. It seems too short-sighted a policy, and speculators in New York are a fearsome and a marvelously active fraternity. Let there, by all means, be an investigation. Meanwhile, let us suspend judgment.

## The Grit of Woman

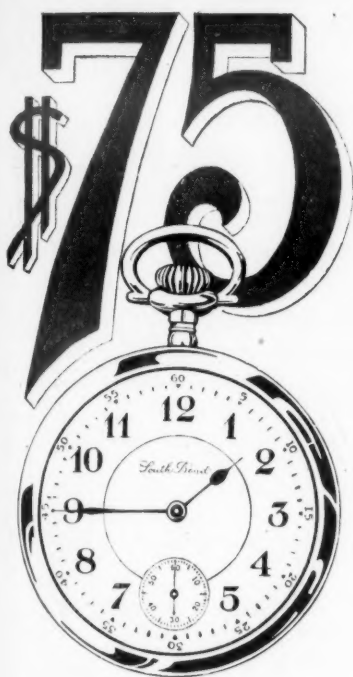
MISS MARGARET CURTIS worthily takes place alongside Harold Hilton on the American golf honor roll for 1911. Four years ago Miss Curtis won the Woman's National Championship by defeating her sister Harriet, who had held the title in 1904. Last month she earned it a second time by beating Miss Dorothy Campbell in the semifinals and Miss Lilian B. Hyde in the finals. Miss Hyde is the Metropolitan champion, and incidentally plays perhaps the longest game of any woman in America. Miss Campbell had been beaten but once in competition (and that by Miss Harriet Curtis) since coming here two years ago from North Berwick, Scotland, and held the British, Canadian, and American golf titles.

It was not so much that victory should come to Miss Curtis, always a sterling golfer, but the revelation of strength where before had been weakness was the impressive feature of her conquest. She won, as did Hilton, by consistently accurate putting and approaching; in a word, by skill and grit rather than by main strength. After watching this tournament one can hardly say women are constitutionally unequal to enduring a grueling contest without "cracking." Blood tells, it seems, in golf, too.



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### Every One Pays

**T**HE yearly fire drain upon the forests of the United States at present is enormous. Secretary of the Interior Fisher says the annual loss represents as much as a "tax of \$2.51 on every man, woman, and child in the United States!" and that "not only is this property loss paid by our people, but, in addition, annually 1,500 persons give up their lives and nearly 6,000 are injured in fires. Possibly in no other direction is the national habit of waste more clearly exemplified than in the comparative indifference with which we permit such a sacrifice. In no other civilized country are conditions so bad as they are here." That this situation should be permitted by a practical-minded, business-like people, such as the Americans, is astounding; the more so because a large share of the loss could be saved were proper, even common sense, measures of prevention adopted.

### The Forest Fire Toll

**A**LREADY in the present season, in Maine, Michigan, Pennsylvania, California, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, New Jersey, and New Hampshire, uncontrolled forest fires have exacted heavy penalty for unpreparedness.

Last year such fires cost the nation \$200,000,000. What is to be the toll this year for our inconceivable negligence?

### Costly Economy

**N**OW, though we thus have an annually recurring loss reaching into the millions, fire-fighting equipment, both Federal and State, remains ridiculously inadequate; and the locomotive continues to belch through its unscreened funnel the live coals which are so frequently the origin of the conflagration.

Last year hundreds of people lost their lives; scores upon scores of families lost their homes; towns were swept away and millions of dollars' worth of timber destroyed. In the space of a few days, fires, said to have had their origin from locomotive sparks, destroyed in Wisconsin more timber than the sawmill might eat in a year's industry, or than could be replaced in fifty years of natural growth!

And finally, toward the close of a calamitous season, came the Minnesota forest fire to awesomely illustrate the truth of this comment and the costliness to the people of a policy which refuses to provide adequate fire-fighting apparatus for reasons alleged as economical.

This fire reduced 2,500 square miles to smoking ruins and burned up more money than the outlay of a dozen years of assured protection. The Legislature had only just previously reduced by half the number of rangers requested and granted the State Forest Commissioner \$21,000 to expend in protecting 20,000,000 acres bearing timber estimated to be worth \$100,000,000!

### Rostrum Nostrum

**O**UR National Forest comprises about 200,000,000 acres, to look after which we enlist a force of 3,000 men, of whom, however, only 250 are professional foresters. In Prussia there is one man for each 1,700 acres. Forester Graves has said he could get good results if there were "during the dry season one guard for each 20,000 or 25,000 acres." At present it is not uncommon for a single man to have the responsibility of protecting 100,000 acres—an area much too large under even the most fortunate conditions.

The depredations of the axmen and the sawmill are justly bewailed, and denounced on the rostrum; but the unbridled locomotive and, to a small extent, criminally careless campers, go on setting the forest afire, to cope with which neither State nor Federal rangers are properly equipped. So while our legislators talk learnedly of conservation, the fire consumes the woodland.

### The Only Insurance

**G**IFFORD PINCHOT has promised to write for OUTDOOR AMERICA a paper, on "Forest Fires, How They Start, and How to Provide Against Them." Meanwhile, however, I call attention to the excellent plans begun in the States of New York and Massachusetts, two of the few that have taken practical steps toward protecting their woodland.

Forest fires are always a possibility, and the only insurance against their spreading is organization which will permit getting at them before they gain headway; and that is possible only through an established system of avenues and observation-signal towers.

A fire avenue is a clearing, in width about twice the height of the tallest timber through which it is made. In European forests these avenues are at inter-

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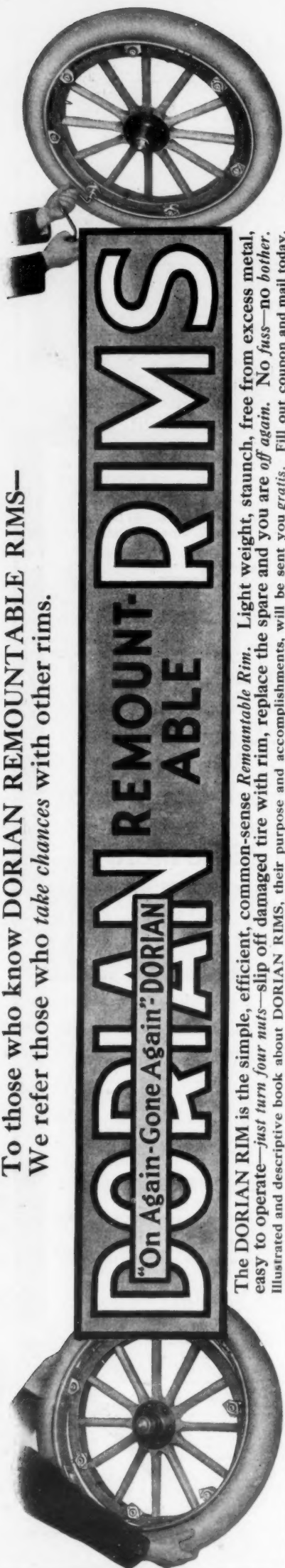
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vals of about three-quarters of a mile; here the intervals would be of three to five miles, according to the conformation of the country and the value of the forest lands.

The cost of such clearings could be almost, if not fully, repaid by sale of the cut timber, while the expense of maintaining an effective fire-fighting service would be infinitesimal as compared to the annual loss from the flames.

Under Mr. Pinchot there were built about 9,000 miles of trails, 1,200 miles of roads, and nearly 5,000 miles of telephone line through the National Forests in the organization of a protective service for patrol and fire-fighting. With this system expanded as wisdom dictates, and safety of investment demands, the annual fire loss in the National Forest could be reduced to a minimum.

#### Stopping River Pollution

*Pennsylvania's Methods of Purifying Its Streams as an Example of What Other States Can Do*

By W. E. MEEHAN

THE key to the entire problem is to stop pollution by cities and towns. With that form of filth disposed of, the path to complete water purity, while rugged, is still comparatively plain. Firmness and practical science will accomplish the rest.

While town sewage must be disposed of in many instances before the waste of certain industrial establishments is eliminated, it is not universally so in Pennsylvania or elsewhere. In a multitude of cases waters are polluted almost exclusively by waste from industrial concerns, though the trouble is less than might be expected. Most manufacturers have abandoned the former contention that the streams are natural open sewers, and their personal interests paramount to those of the public. Some are even ready to admit that the man who willfully pollutes a stream is no better than the one who deliberately puts any injurious substances in food.

Some forms of pollution are very easily stopped, and sometimes the substances causing it can be used by the owner to his pecuniary advantage. Sawdust is a conspicuous example of both. With this form of pollution the authorities in Pennsylvania make short work. Generally there is ready sale for all the sawdust that is made at a mill anywhere near a town.

#### The Defiling Cesspool

MOST pollutions caused by organic matter, or matter held in suspension, can more or less readily be cared for by ordinary filtering tanks, with cinders, ashes, coke, or sand as a filtering material. The first three are recommended before the last because they can be more easily disposed of when they become foul, and in the majority of instances where coke is recommended it is more valuable after being taken out of the filtering tanks than when first placed there. This is particularly true with respect to gas plants.

There is one method of waste disposal which the Department of Fisheries will not accept, and which the owners of industrial establishments adopt entirely at their own risk, namely, cesspools or pits into which the waste is flowed and allowed to filter through the surrounding earth. Sooner or later the ground between the pit and the stream must become saturated with filth and the stream be again polluted. Even where the stream is not likely to be polluted, in the near future it may be that near-by wells will become contaminated.

Most wastes hold by-products of greater or less value, and this fact is among the first things pointed out to the manufacturer. Generally speaking, he is not slow to take advantage of the hint. Tannic acid waste can now be saved so completely that the water becomes as pure as rain water. Valuable fertilizers can be extracted from the washings of tanneries, and the discovery of this has set large owners in Pennsylvania busy finding means of taking the last grain of organic matter from their washings. No tannery with an eye to business will allow either his fleshings or hair to escape.

Nearly all the streams in the State have been cleared of sawdust, and many that had only one or two industrial establishments located thereon are entirely free from deleterious waste. Cities and towns are building sewage-disposal plants, and others are drafting plans which under decrees issued by the Department of Health must be completed within a specified time. The largest manufacturers in the State are almost without exception either preparing plans or installing plants for the purification of their waste water. If nothing untoward occurs, the waters in the greater part of Pennsylvania four years from now should be in a more nearly normal condition. And such a result every other State can secure with similar effort.

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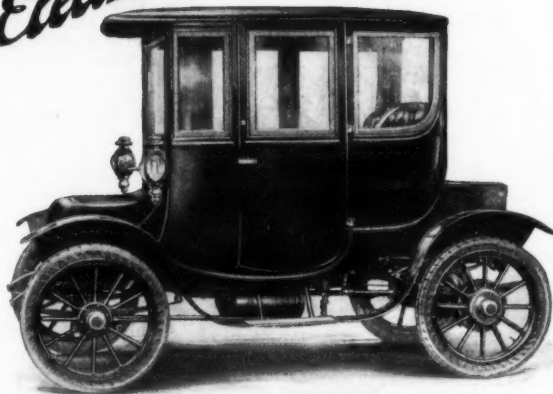
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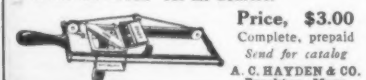
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## China's Man of Destiny

(Concluded from page 22)

dismissed and humiliated him as the man upon whom the dynasty depends in its hour of need—comes into his own again. More than any other individual, he is in a position to determine the destinies of China.

With regard to the immediate future, Yuan is the only man who can hold the Imperial army together. He is the only available military leader who, with the ability to handle large bodies of troops in the field, can inspire confidence and loyalty.

### The Growth of the New Army

THE means by which he has gained this military prestige are characteristic. The general maneuvers of the northern army in 1905 were witnessed by military attachés of all the powers and many regular and special correspondents of foreign papers. Before the maneuvers Yuan issued the following general orders: "Any regiment or military unit making a spectacle of itself or causing the foreigners to laugh at them will be severely punished and the officers degraded." So far as I know, it is not on record that any one laughed.

Yuan got his results by his own methods, some of which were barbarous, but he got the results. It was one of the feverish bluffs of that "Society of Patriotic Harmonious Fists"—called Boxers by Europeans—that they were invulnerable to the rifle fire of the foreign devils. Yuan, as Governor of Shantung, called the bluff. Having listened to several of these gentry publicly proclaiming their superhuman powers, he invited the leaders with several other guests to dinner. At the conclusion of the meal, during which they had not ceased to enlarge upon their immunity, the Governor, suggesting pleasantly that no time was better than the present for a fair exhibition, lined his Boxer guests up against the wall of the compound, sent for his firing squad, and, with ball cartridges, proved conclusively that they were wrong.

"I know my own people and how to manage them," he said, when some one remonstrated with him for ordering the instant beheading of a private who had failed to salute an officer. On the other hand, Yuan always made a habit of personally inspecting his barracks, tasting the regimental food, making sure that ammunition and arms were kept in perfect condition. He frequently audited his commissary bills, to the utter discomfiture of "squeeze" in the Quartermaster's Department, and by all of these methods, and keeping steadily at them, he actually whipped together in three years an army that the foreigners could not laugh at. On the walls of his library in Tientsin used to hang a translation of Napoleon's motto, which goes something like this:

"Make offensive war like Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Frederick."

### The Man of the Hour

IN the present crisis you may be quite sure that his staff will also be his own, not that of the War Board. General Yin Chang, Minister of War, has been recalled from the front and relieved from command. He is a Manchui, and no part of the military system which Yuan regards as peculiarly his own. General Tuan Chi-jui and General Feng-Kwachang, who are now in charge of the Imperial forces at the front, are both Yuan's men, and both are popular with the new army, in which they served under him. At the same time that these military changes have been taking place, Yuan's hand has been shown in other directions. He caused it to be generally known and reported in the foreign press that his acceptance of the leadership was contingent upon the Throne pledging itself to certain reforms, the more moderate changes, in fact, for which the revolutionists are ostensibly fighting. The cashiering of Sheng Hsuan Huai, the Minister of Posts and Communications, who acted for the Chinese Government in concluding the Hukuang Railway loan, is also exactly in line with Yuan's régime. Tang Shao-yi, the special Ambassador to Washington in 1909 and Yuan's most capable protégé and devoted friend, has been appointed to succeed Sheng. And all of this without striking a blow. For it would seem to be part of a well-laid scheme to sap the strength of the revolutionary movement by conceding its chief grievances and, only stopping short of the most extreme antidynastic republican war cries, try to divert the tide of southern revolt into the surer channels of reform.

Yuan-Shih-K'ai has been Restorer of a Province and the Maker of an Army. Is it in him to be the Restorer of an Empire or the founder of a New China?

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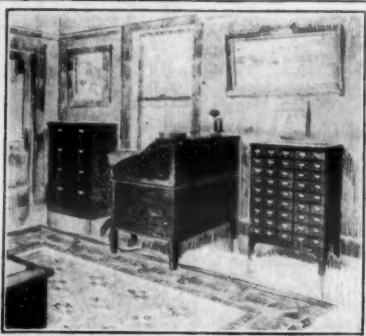
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Congestion always suggests disorder.

Interruptions to important business deals, aggravating delays and clerical mistakes are frequently caused by poorly planned offices, using unstandardized and different makes of filing cabinets that neither match up or harmonize on the outside, nor afford a uniform efficient service on the inside.

As will be noted in both these illustrations, these offices are not larger than those in the average business block; yet they create the impression of ample room for transacting business without interference.

Uniformity and Standardization are cardinal principals of all

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Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave. East



## Morgan's "Model Trust"

(Concluded from page 15)

And these same wise folk believe that this is so still.

Now, here is the thing to be noted. Standard Oil may have believed that the pending decision of the Supreme Court, in their own case, would be adverse. Decisions in cases against them have generally been adverse. It is immensely popular to pound Standard Oil.

But it was, nevertheless, as Wall Street would say, a fair gamble. At any rate, at that time there were few to suggest and perhaps none to believe that a similar suit would be brought against United States Steel. In the original calculation, then, the suit that has latterly so depressed the price of Steel, and so frightened holders of Steel, did not apparently determine the attitude of the "S. O." group.

It was rather their belief that Steel had been prince a little too long. In the minds of many this, and not the possible outcome of the Government's suit, is still the fundamental question in judging the value of Steel securities.

### The Effect of the Tariff

VERY considerable part of that fundamental question is the outcome of the elections next year and what will be done with the steel tariff. Taken over a period of years, and disregarding the present low level of prices, Mr. Byron W. Holt, a competent observer, has estimated the effective protection which the Steel Trust has enjoyed at an average of \$6 or \$7 per ton of its products.

This would be a full half probably of the average profits of the trust from its beginning. Suppose we take a much lower figure, say \$5 per ton or even less. This would mean, fair maintenance charges considered, probably all the surplus which has been shown on Steel Common over a series of years, and possibly more.

It would certainly mean all this under present conditions. That is why I said in the beginning that, as things now stand, the value of Steel Common is, to all intents, practically an Act of Congress.

And this brings out the essential travesty of the present action of the Government. It is the tariff, and the tariff alone, which has made possible the spectacular profits of the corporation. It might have had control of 90 per cent instead of an estimated 45 per cent of the entire steel business of the country. It might have had control of all the ore fields of the country, and all its great holdings of coal and lime and the rest. But without the tariff wall it could never have been a trust.

For the tariff has acted as a double-edged sword. It has shut out all foreign competition. And it has enabled the trust to sell its products abroad, always at a lower figure than to the American consumer, and at a figure that might readily be ruinous to foreign producers in their own field. For there is no sort of question that, in spite of high wages, steel can be made and sold in the United States at a lower figure than anywhere else in the world.

There are those who believe that under different conditions, even without the aid of the tariff, the Steel Trust could still have made itself supreme in the world's steel market. If it had never undertaken to pay dividends on five hundred millions of common stock, if it had never undertaken to give a value to this enormous quantity of stock which in the beginning practically had no value, it could undersell any foreign rivals even on their own ground. Perhaps, if it chose not to continue the dividends on the common stock, it might do so still.

But the Government has extended its sheltering arm over this infant industry, now grown to a giant monopoly. Dividends have been paid on the common stock. In the minds of the investing public, that stock has been given a value. And on the strength of these dividends the stock has been widely sold, not only at home but, what is still more important, abroad.

At least, so far as the records go, the Dutch Syndicate is the largest single holder of Steel Common, and this stock, in turn, has been distributed to the Dutch investors. In the same way considerable quantities of Steel have been sold to French, English, and German investors.

### Some Pertinent Questions

NOW, what the Government, by its virtual fiat, created, it asks our courts to destroy. Is a government without moral responsibility? In view of ten years of consistent friendship, had the Government any moral right to bring such a suit? And what sort of an idea will they gain of us abroad if the Government should win? And how would it affect the future standing of American securities?

These are curious questions. We may leave them to the casuist and the patriot.



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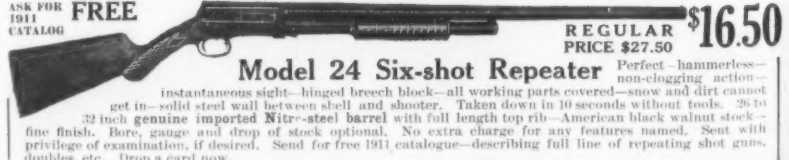
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## The Back Yard

A Neglected Feature of the Country Home

By E. P. POWELL

**A** BACK YARD really ought not to exist at all. A country house that is built as it ought to be should not stare at the street, and run a lawn mower over a little front yard, neglecting all the rest of the property, but should face every way. There is no part of the outlook of a well-located house that does not furnish the beautiful. A well-trained family will care more to look out upon a field of growing grain or into an orchard than into a street where Tom, Dick, and Harry are passing. A house that is built to front the highway, and that alone, becomes a public affair and loses its privacy—this all the more so if the back yard is left to neglect and refuse.

In reality what is called the back yard should, therefore, be called the front yard, for it looks into our own best property. It overlooks the more retired and peaceful part of the ground. Now, place your house well back, as you always should, on the more commanding part of the grounds and as near as possible to the center, and the drive from the street may go clear round the house, and then lead to different parts of the gardens and orchards. Between these drives, and most convenient of access, come your accessory buildings, such as beehouse, chicken house, shop and barn. These can be grouped or scattered as you please, only make them easy of access, and the surroundings absolutely clean. In other nooks or turns of the road come the croquet ground, flower garden, and shrubbery.

### Making It Cheerful

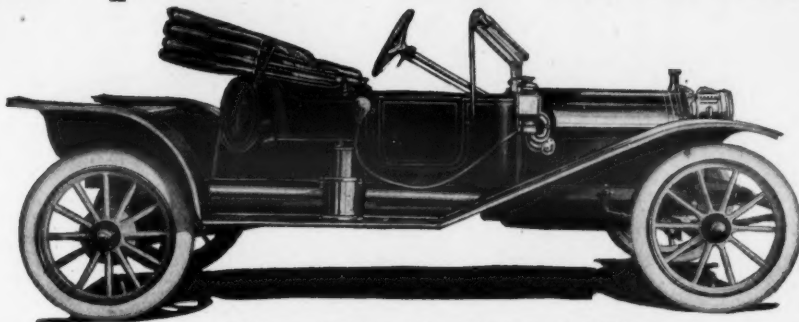
**T**HE back yard will then be such plots as lie between these drives, and they should all bear a relation to the occupant of the house. There should be a plot of early vegetables, with pieplant and asparagus not very far from the kitchen door, and so situated as to absorb all the slops and house drainage. The old-fashioned pink bed should be revived as a back-door affair. Nothing is better to have near the door in the morning, from which the housewife can gather sweet williams and clove pinks for the breakfast table. There should be nothing elaborate in these little nooks of flowers, and nothing suggestive of continuous labor. One more flower should always be found convenient for the housewife, and that is the nasturtium; it is the one never-failing bloomer, which she can gather just as freely as she pleases. The soil for this flower must be the poorest, otherwise it will run to vine and not to flower.

Right near the house, and in full sight of the windows, we should prepare something for the gloomier days of autumn and winter. I do not know of anything better than plenty of barberry bushes and high bush cranberries. The brilliant warm red cheers up the whitest day of winter. A small back yard for a suburban lot cannot be better served than by planting two pear trees to flank the doorway, say one Bartlett and one Anjou, and making the freest possible use of grapevines. These should run not only over the porch but over the house itself, fastened to horizontal wires. Now do all that you can to keep the birds with you, having a bird house or more in the trees and over the windows. During the winter months feed them with chunks of suet and bones not picked too bare. In a city yard the pear is equally appropriate, but, as a rule, the plum is likely to give the best results in the way of fruit. Some of the smaller cities in New York State are in this way admirably supplied with all the plums and cherries that they can use. In the Southern States the loquat and mulberry make delightful back-yard small trees.

### Save the Waste

**A**T any rate, avoid that most shameful of all things, a back yard made up of sloppy places, where the house waste and sewage are absorbed in unwholesome drains. This stuff is really the wealth of the family, or would be if properly used. Let it feed pear trees or an asparagus bed and you get good interest. This same material left to decay poisons the atmosphere and breeds malaria. A compost pile made in a corner of a garden, and not too far from the house, is very wise precaution. Instead of running a lawn mower over your front lawn every morning, run a rake over the grounds behind the house and add the material to this pile. Have it located where the house drainage can easily be run into it through tile. During the summer you can grow squash vines or melons over the pile. The vines clothe the piles, while the roots become numerous and large without seriously taking away the strength of the compost.

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# Hupmobile



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The achievements of the World-Touring Car—which is winning new honors at this writing in far-off India—have fired the public imagination; and advocates of the Roadster, everywhere, have urged our dealers to give them a Hupmobile of that type.

So, here you have it—a Roadster with the specifications which have proven so marvellously efficient in the 25,000 miles of land travel credited to the Hupmobile Touring Car since it left Detroit last November; and the thousands of touring cars in use in all parts of the world.

Having its two seats midway between front and rear axles, and with the flexible springs and long wheelbase of the touring car, the Roadster is a particularly easy-riding car. Thus it is especially fitted for road work.

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We have produced a new portfolio picturing the trip of the World-Touring Car, with views of Australia, New Zealand, India, the Philippines, China, Japan and other countries, which is like a miniature edition of the travels of Burton Holmes or Frank Carpenter. Use the coupon and secure a copy of the first edition, which is now ready.

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### The Hupmobile World-Tour

The World-Touring Hupmobile left Detroit last November. It is now in India. It has traveled some 25,000 miles on land, under its own power. It has crossed the United States, toured the Hawaiian Islands and climbed to the smoking crater of the volcano Kilauea. It has penetrated the Philippine wilderness, going where no other car has ever ventured; it has climbed the steepest mountain slopes of Australia and New Zealand. It was one of the very first cars to attempt an extended tour of mountainous Japan. It has gone into China. No other car has ever attempted a trip of the severity or duration of this tour. Before the Hupmobile's return to Detroit early in 1912, it will have visited North Africa and Egypt and toured the continent of Europe. The pictures, reproduced on this page, give the merest glimpse of some of the difficulties from which the Hupmobile emerged triumphant. Many more, as interesting as these, are contained in the portfolio covering the Oriental section of the tour.



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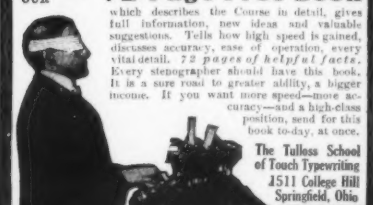
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# The Average Man's Money

## A Page for Investors

### The Investor's Arithmetic

**F**ARM land in the United States bought ten years ago for \$15.57 an acre is now worth \$32.49 an acre—the last census furnishes the figures. This is an increase of 117.4%, or 11.74% a year, not counting returns from crops.

### Ten "Don'ts" for Investors

By JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

On this page last week Mr. Hammond discussed the difference between prospects and developed mines, and the factors to be observed in estimating ore reserves—all from the viewpoint of the investor. The "don'ts" printed here are important—a sound "ten commandments" for the investor in mining stock.

**A** FEW words of admonition under the caption of "Don'ts" might be of value to mining investors.

First—Don't invest your money in a mining property solely because a friend of yours—even if he be a blood relation—became rich through some fortunate investment in mining stock.

Second—Don't, on the other hand, be deterred from investing in a mining property because another less fortunate friend became bankrupt through some other mining investment.

Third—Don't allow any insinuating, slick, dishonest—not to employ the shorter and uglier term—promoter or mining stockbroker to overcome your natural modesty and convince you that because you have been successful in your own line of business you are competent to determine the value of a mine. "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

Fourth—Don't be influenced in your desire to purchase mining stock by the "rich specimens" that the mines have produced, even though you yourself have seen such "specimens" in the mine. "Specimen rock" of this kind is no criterion of the average grade of ore upon which the success of the mine depends. A well-known mining capitalist of a former day was shown some very rich specimens of ore from a certain mining property and asked his opinion as to the value of the property. His reply was: "You might as well show me the hair from the tail of a horse and ask me how fast that horse can trot."

### Past History Does Not Count

**F**ifth—Don't buy stock in a mine because it has produced a profit of millions of dollars in the past, for, obviously, the mine is so much the poorer for the millions already extracted.

Sixth—Don't purchase stock in a mine because it is in a far-off country, even though "distance lends enchantment to the view." As a matter of fact, remoteness and inaccessibility of a mine should rather make one hesitate to invest.

Seventh—Don't buy stock in a mining company solely because it adjoins another mine of great value. This may be interesting, but it is by no means conclusive as to the value of the mine in question.

Eighth—Above all, don't buy stock in a mine unless you have the unqualifiedly favorable report made by a mining engineer of integrity, ability, and experience, and one who has made a success in the investment of money for his clients. An engineer may have the best obtainable technical training, supplemented by considerable practical experience, and yet lack certain qualifications in his professional constitution that determine success or failure.

Ninth—Don't buy stock in a mine unless you are sure that the board of directors is honest and competent—because honest and capable management is just as essential to success in mining as it is in other enterprises.

Tenth—In short, don't abandon all your good common sense just because the investment happens to be one in mining and not in some other class of industrial securities.

### Drastic Laws Needed

**I** trust you will not regard these admonitions as tantamount to advice on my part to keep out of mining, for such is not my purpose. In common with other mining engineers who are interested in the legitimate development of the great

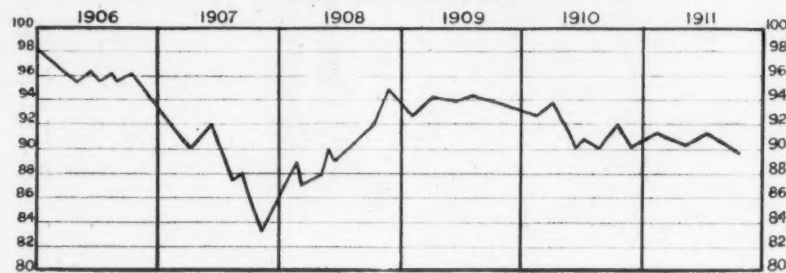
mining industry, I am zealous in my efforts to eliminate, or at least to minimize, that class of unscrupulous promoters and stockbrokers who have brought so much discredit upon the industry and, at the same time, such lamentable disaster to their victims, the great majority of whom can ill afford to bear their losses.

There should be some drastic legislation in connection with the flotation of mining companies (indeed, many other industrial companies should be included in this), to compel such companies to publish before flotation reports of engineers; to state the price at which the properties were acquired by the vendors; the amount of the promoters' commission, etc., etc. Also, the companies should be compelled to issue full monthly and annual reports as to the financial status of the company, the ore

reserves, and the condition of the lowest developments in the mines, etc., etc.

If the Pure Food and Drugs Act could be applied to mining so that the investor could be able to ascertain the ingredients of the mine, much poisonous mining stock would be withdrawn from sale.

While in these remarks I have held out to you the red flag of danger, nevertheless, when the track is clear and in good condition, I have great faith in the safety of mining investments. Speaking with a proper appreciation of the importance of this statement, I still have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that, conducted upon the right basis and when extended over many operations, there is no business with which I am familiar that offers such attractive and, at the same time, such safe investments as the mining industry.



The Price Course of Twenty-five Representative Railway Bonds

Concerning the showing of the twenty-five bonds whose price course is charted above, the "Wall Street Journal" of October 20 said: "It is noteworthy that the bond market decline began long before the stock averages fell in the year of the crisis. In January, 1907, the downward movement was felt in the bond department, and almost without a check the trend of bond prices continued downward until the low record of November in the same year. It is equally noteworthy that the bond market was the first to recover."

### Railroad Equipment Bonds

**A**SK any well-informed bondman what securities have the best record for investment safety, and he will undoubtedly include "Equipments" in the list he gives you.

Unless you are a somewhat seasoned investor, you may not know that a railroad company probably does not own the terminal yards and stations its trains run into, and may not own the cars and locomotives making up the trains. Railroads frequently buy their equipment on the installment plan, in essentially the same way as a seamstress might buy a sewing machine, or the newlyweds their furniture. Since neither the railroad nor the seamstress own the property they are using until they have paid for it, the seller can take it away without formality any time the installments are not kept up.

When you buy an equipment bond you put yourself in the position of having sold cars and locomotives to the railroad on the installment plan with a large cash-down payment. If the railroad gets into trouble, the real owner of the equipment has a strangle hold. Though the track cannot earn money without the cars, they can earn money on any other track. They do not belong to the railroad, and it cannot use them unless it pays for them. The company would have to pay out a great deal more money to buy other cars than to continue paying the installments on these. So it regularly happens that all the other security holders acquiesce with alacrity, and with such cheerfulness as they can muster, in the company's paying the equipment bondholder promptly and in full everything coming to him.

This is why, during periods of receiverships and reorganizations, the railroads have paid many millions of dollars of interest and principal on their equipment bonds, while even the august first mortgage bondholders, to say nothing of second and third mortgage, debenture, and income bondholders, got nothing at all but a chance to meditate on the text: "Riches certainly make themselves wings."

As a class, investors did not for a long time recognize the exceptionally strong position of these securities, and those who knew had special bargains. Even now these bonds probably yield a better income than other securities that approximate their safety. Those of the weaker roads offer the better opportunities, because their

peculiar elements of safety are then relatively more effective. If you are looking for an income of near 5 per cent, you will make no mistake in looking up equipments.

### The Air-Dome Promoter

By FREDERIC L. BARROWS

**I**N 1908, as its stock certificates aver, the United States Amusement Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana. In the spring and early summer of 1909, one H. H. Burnett, "salesman," appeared in various towns in Indiana, and offered stock in this company at par value, \$10, to be paid in ten monthly payments of \$1 per share, each. Mr. Burnett's arrival was simultaneous with the publication of newspaper articles describing a circuit of summer theatres to be opened in all the best of the small manufacturing cities of Indiana. These places were to be called "air-domes," from their open construction; some inexpensive but indefinite device was to close out the blue sky in the winter time.

That Mr. Burnett was a person of very plausible manners goes without saying. Arriving in C—, for instance, he sought the owner of a fine building lot, entered into a contract granting him the option to

lease this lot within a specified time, which negotiations, in very general terms, were mentioned in the daily papers. He called at the local banks, arranging for interviews. He then began a canvass for the sale of stock, mentioning the well-known people whom he was to interview. To more than one person his tale was that some business associates of his owned a company having "a large working capital," which had contracts with many vaudeville stars. This company would operate the houses, setting aside, as the United States Amusement Company's share, one-third of the gross revenue of all the houses. The operating company, he said, contracted to operate the houses fifty-two weeks a year.

If he succeeded in getting in operation only ten of the whole number of houses projected, and if they had each gross receipts of \$200 per week—many of them would average \$500 per week—the United States Amusement Company's share would therefore be one-third of \$104,000, or nearly \$35,000, which third would be deposited in local banks and checked only for dividends and ground rent. The whole capital would start more than ten, and that would make up for any shortage by reason of the profits being less than expected.

### The End of the Promotion

**I**n spite of the conscientious boosting done by the promoter, comparatively few shares were sold. Mr. Burnett sold one man one share at one town, representing that it was the last of four hundred sold in the town. It was the day that the lease for the lot was to be consummated; and that day Mr. Burnett disappeared. Local exchanges showed the activities of the company in other towns.

Nothing more was heard till September 17, when, at Indianapolis, H. H. Burnett asked, in the Probate Court, for a receiver for the company. Probate Order Book 11 shows the receivership proceedings; and discloses that there really was but one "air dome" in existence; but it was being operated by the United States Amusement Company, and not by a strong operating company; that it could not pay operating expenses, to say nothing of keeping a suite of offices in a fine Indianapolis office building; that they owed this stock seller a hundred dollars, and he would "suffer irreparable loss" unless a receiver was appointed with authority to sue stock subscribers for the unpaid parts of their subscriptions. The receiver sold the office furniture for \$18.50; he has not as yet been able to sell the roofs of these beautiful summer theatres—for "blue sky" can't be sold to cash buyers at a court sale!

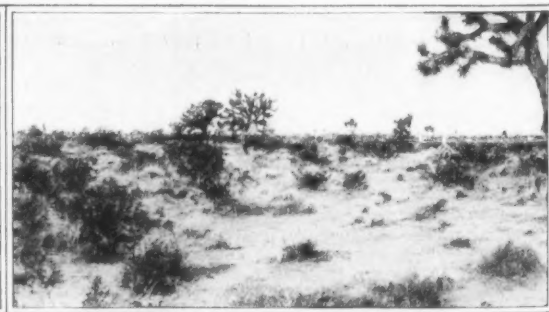
At the end of two years, Receivership Case Number 427, Burnett vs. U. S. Am. Co., Probate Order Book 11, pages 39, 40, 68, etc., is still unsettled, because the receiver has been unable to collect much of the stock subscriptions—how people hate to pay for dead horses! But its value to the community is fully realized; it is a warning against the idea that all the "sucker bait" is dug away from home!

**Warning Against Fraud!**

The Aqueduct City Land Syndicate  
The Los Angeles Realty Board

**FRAUD**

**LOS ANGELES REALTY BOARD**



Vigorous Action to Protect Investors in Land

At the left, much reduced, is the warning published in the Los Angeles newspapers against the Aqueduct City Land Syndicate. It was signed by the Los Angeles Realty Board. For \$1.25 an acre the Aqueduct City Land Syndicate bought 640 acres of desert land (the character of which is shown in the photograph) and laid it out in town lots. These were sold at from \$20 to \$200 each—at the prices fixed the whole plot would return to the syndicate more than \$800,000. At the time it was being sold the land was covered with sagebrush and cacti and was without water. What the Realty Board of Los Angeles has done in investigating and exposing this enterprise is a perfectly legitimate and feasible thing for similar bodies in other cities to do.





## Legal Records Must be Permanent

Lawyers above all other professional men should realize the necessity of permanent records. Yet not long ago the justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, acting in New York County, were forced to call the attention of the legal profession to the poor quality of paper used by some of them, which for record purposes proved absolutely worthless after a few years. They were directed to read Section 796 of the Code of Civil Procedure, especially the part which says that the paper used "shall be of linen quality."

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## Newspaper Letters

### Miscellaneous Class

¶ We offered our \$50 prizes for newspaper letters in fifty-six great cities of the United States. To include other points, we added two other prizes for letters from "the field"—towns, cities, and farms not included in the fifty-six. The winner of the first prize comes from Deming, New Mexico.

**W**HEN one New Mexico daily says in headlines an inch high anent Statehood. "Talked to Death by a Democrat," and another equally important periodical avers in similar type, "Republicans Vote It Down," it is no wonder folks think with Navajo Bill that "both of them is liars."

If there is one criticism concerning newspapers more general than that of the old Indian scout quoted above, I have not heard it. To get the real truth nowadays one is forced to go to the weekly and monthly magazines. The newspapers are so full of capitalistic and political bias that they hardly pretend to print the unclad truth. Some of them do, however, and one of them is the Deming "Headlight," the best newspaper in the new State, bar none. It has no linotype machines, but you have never seen elsewhere such loving care expended on mechanical make-up. The printer brings out, by clever arrangement of news stories, a sense of proportion and values, and a careful selection of type, the very best that is in it—and it is full of good things. It does not belong to the Associated Press and owns no private wires, and so it would be hard to find all the news about the latest Newport divorce; but it represents the interests of the Mimbres Valley every week as thoroughly as a New York daily represents New York. Its specialty is development news—a new well dug with a flow of 1,000 gallons per minute of water 99.99 + pure; five new pumping plants installed; a large acreage of alfalfa planted; what it costs to irrigate in the Mimbres Valley; a truck-gardeners' association; the best apple trees to plant. These are some of the live things in this child of the fresh air, this fresh-cheeked little six-page country weekly.

"A Democrat in politics, and a booster by disposition," it announces itself; but never is there any suggestion of political bias—"Devoted to the interests of Deming and the Mimbres Valley. Opportunity knocks here; no one else," and this is literally true. The editorials are solid blocks of hard common sense based on sound moral principles, and entirely devoid of pious hypocrisy—a rare thing in the average newspaper. There are no advertisements on the front page; there are no advertisements on any page of filthy patent medicines and high-priced frauds. Every word is set in cold type right in the office. There are no patent insides, no fillers. There is more than a page of newsy locals, for these Western folk are eternally doing something. They do not vegetate.

Take it all in all, the "Headlight" is remarkably like my saddle pony Billy. He is not so very big, but he is better to the square inch than the best big horse in the world.

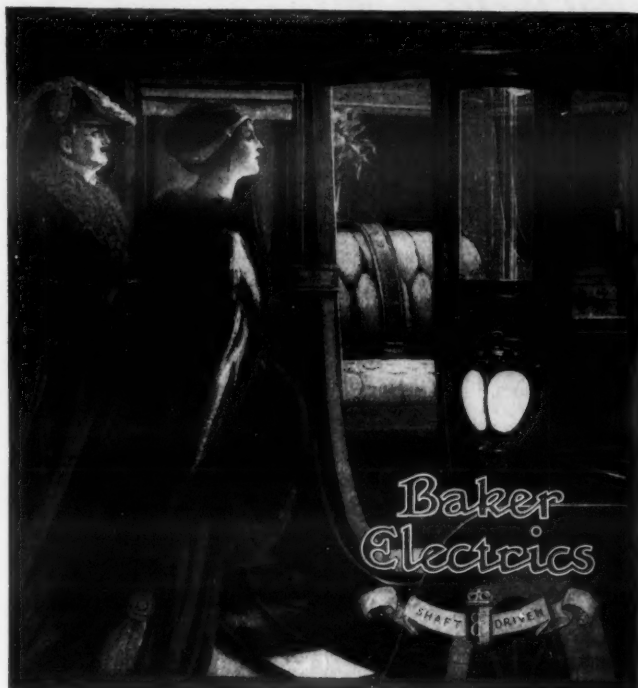
MRS. R. BEDICHER.

¶ The winner of the second prize writes from Toledo, Ohio:

**T**HE virtues and vices of American newspapers! Read this startling story:

Golden Rule Jones, with the aid of the people, founded free government in Toledo. Brand Whitlock solidified it. The "Blade" and the "Times," under the domination of the traction interests, fought the movement tooth and nail. They failed ingloriously. Vilification and slander only swelled our ranks. The "News-Bee" espoused the cause and whipped the frenzied sheets at every turn. In desperation the bipartisan State machine sent a corps of detective-accountants to Toledo to confound us by exposing our hypocrisy. They sweat blood hunting for graft. After three years of their examining and slanting, we failed to receive a report. We began to ask for it. In vain. We began to clamor for it. Still in vain. Then we published certain unaccountable facts about the accountants themselves. That smoked them out. Saturday morning, March 4, the "Times" announced in immense headlines: "Charge Gigantic Frauds in Toledo Finances," as the findings of the accountants. In a special morning edition the "Blade," still more blatantly, heralded the story. Whitlock's Independent administration was short \$505,506.60!

The "News-Bee" declared at eleven o'clock that the shortage was probably technical. As soon as the examiners' report arrived from Columbus, we got to work. We found, as immediately and luminously shown by the "News-Bee" in a later edition, that, of the alleged enor-



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mous shortage, only \$564, which had long since been detected and published by the Independent administration itself, was graft. The rest of the charge was making crimes of our virtues. We had collected a debt of \$492,154.14 from the traction company, contracted under machine rule. The examiners charged that we credited this receipt to the wrong fund! The balance of the "gigantic" shortage was payments, perhaps illegally made, but redounding to the credit of the administration.

The work of the examiners was bad enough. But think of two newspapers defaming their city by an appalling charge of graft that turns out to be an assortment of technicalities worth on paper half a million dollars! Toledo is safe. It very quickly exposed the fake. But not so the country. Telegrams and long-distance telephones informed us that the lie had gone all over the land. Did it go out by Associated Press dispatch? The Associated Press correspondent as well as the "Times" and the "Blade" had opportunity to learn the truth the previous day in the State Auditor's office. But no. They exploded prematurely. They jumped at the best chance yet offered to strangle the infant—Independent Municipal Government.

What I am speaking of is nothing short of a catastrophe. You can never repair a slander. Hundreds of thousands of outsiders read the sensational lie. Who can say that ten thousand will read the refutation, or even see it? "City Hall Graft Bared in Toledo!"—the Cleveland "Plain Dealer's" headline—is a legend that has been graven ineffaceably on abused and innocent minds. American Press, what have you got to say to that? D. C. LAWLESS.

## "Going Up?"

(Continued from page 21)

"I refused," Leeds met his manager's gaze inevasively. He did not yet look at his wife. He heard her speak; but what the words were he did not know, except they were in his defense. But he was aware, from her tone, that till this moment she had believed that he was going up.

"I tried to call you on the phone from Weatherby's," Stedman cut her short. "He phoned me at seven-thirty that he had arranged for the aviators to come here. Carrick got him to keep it quiet till then. Till I got to him, Weatherby seemed to be under the impression the meet was his own idea. He thought he'd suggested it to Carrick. I had to show him what was behind it; but I didn't think they could put it over you—till they told me they'd seen you and Cragin and—you refused."

"Then why did you try to phone me?"  
"To make sure you'd accept, of course."  
"Because you realized why I shouldn't?"  
"No; I knew you probably wouldn't."

A PATCH of bright color glowed on Leeds's cheek-bones, and his hands twitched. His wife flew to his defense. "Mr. Stedman! What do you mean? You speak as if we were afraid—afraid!" Her husband checked her: "Go on, Stedman." "Go on?" Stedman mocked. "Do you mean you saw the chance Carrick gave us and—wouldn't go up? Or didn't you see it? You know everyone knows Cragin's got nerve. You know as well as I the hardest thing you've got to fight is the way people remember him when he was police captain, when he went into that blind alley back of the boiler shop and dropped the two men in there waiting for him behind the scrap pile. You know that's what holds his people to him—that and the rest like it he did when Hannan made him sheriff. So what will people think of his going up with Drozier? Nothing! But you've lived at home. What do you suppose people are thinking about you to-night since they've heard you're to be asked to fly with Drozier? Have you got the nerve? Are you afraid to go up in an aeroplane? You go up with Drozier to-morrow, to answer that, and do you think you can lose the day after? But you stay safe on the ground, as you intend to, and watch Drozier fly, and I couldn't mark your name on my ballot myself."

"Stedman," Leeds replied, his voice deep with its suppression, "if you had meant to remind me why it is impossible for me to go up to-morrow, you couldn't have done it better." And he turned away, but coming face to face with his wife, he met her appeal.

"I have told you before this what this nomination has meant to me, Stedman"—he turned back almost painfully. "You could see how amazing—how wonderful—a thing it has been to me. I have always lived, as you said, obscurely. I have been doing small things—things which interested me, and under conditions where I knew I could do them."

"You know no one has been so surprised as I to find, Stedman, that my nomination

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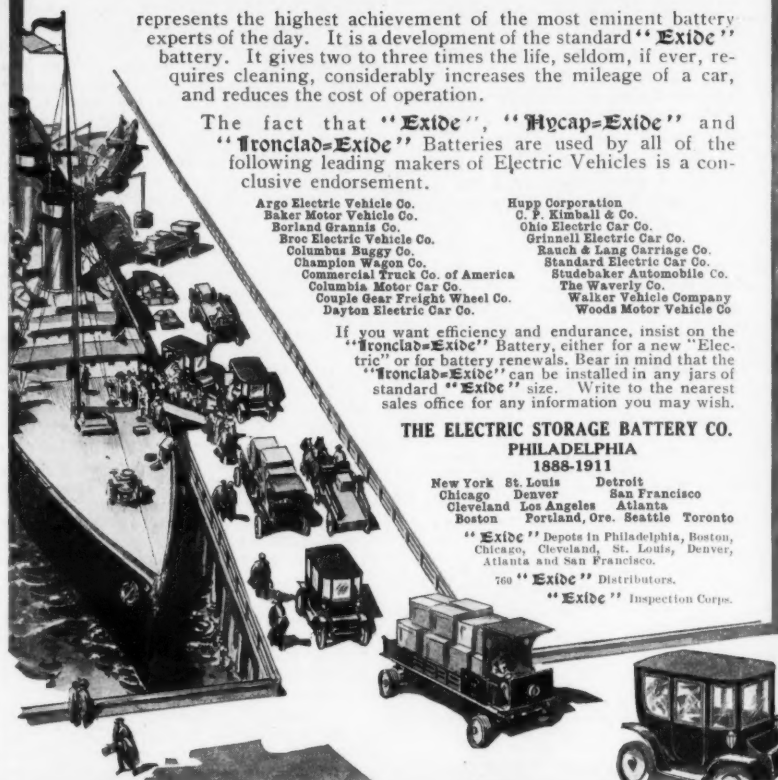
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tion was not a mistake—a grave mistake. No one has been more amazed than I to find that I had the power to draw men to me. If I am elected now for what I have said and for what I have done, I shall know why I am elected—I shall know what I have to do, what is expected of me by the men who voted for me. But if I were elected because I took a cheap dare to go up with a supposedly dangerous man in an aeroplane, I should not know—I could no longer trust that my beliefs were the beliefs of the men who sent me to Congress; that my purposes were their purposes! I would know myself more unfit than Cragin whom I attack. For he has never professed anything better. He thinks that if people can be made to reward him for being shot at and shooting down murderers, by sending him to Congress, it is all right. But I have been saying that those are qualifications for a police captain or a sheriff, not for a representative from this State." And he turned away, abruptly, both from Stedman and from his wife now, as though—not even for her sake—would he discuss the matter further. He left the room.

HIS wife, in her helplessness, stayed in the library; but Stedman followed him into the hall.

"Leeds, I don't insist upon Drozier. It won't be necessary to go up with him—if you go up. I can fix it so that Chapman takes you up—the fellow with the other biplane. He's never fallen."

Leeds swung back to him. "Stedman, our opponent, Carrick—when he planned this trick and, as you have said, offered me the chance of the decisive advantage—at least honored me with enough belief in my sincerity to be certain that I would not take that advantage."

He took out his watch, looked down at it and wound it. Stedman picked up his hat and gloves. He made no further attack, but still waited in the hall. Then the telephone bell rang, and Leeds's wife, answering, came to them.

"It's the 'Express,' Richard! They're going to press!" She came closer to him and grasped his hands in both her hot ones. "Quick! Quick! Tell them you did not understand before! Quick! Oh—oh, don't you see, I know it's not because you're afraid? But, don't you see, you have to do it?"

Leeds went to the telephone. He left the door between open, so that they could hear what he said. When he came back, Stedman was gone.

Leeds locked the front door and put out the lights in the library. His wife went upstairs. When he followed he found that she had lit the spirit lamp upon the table where his supper was laid; but she had gone to her room.

THE aviator Drozier had recovered fully, in all physical respects, from his fall at Alameda; and he believed that his mind had recovered with his body. It irritated him that the other aviators, since he had rejoined them, watched him with a reservation, a question in their eyes.

Drozier had had no way in the hospital of answering that question. He had been, until this fall at Alameda, a remarkably fortunate aviator; he never had had a serious accident, therefore there was no previous experience on which he could look back, comforting himself by its assurance. Moreover, there remained to him, as a soul-sickening memory, the appearance of his passenger when the man comprehended they were falling. The passenger had been a man of cold nerve—a newspaper man, a war correspondent accustomed to dangerous experiences. But Drozier recalled him now as a thing hardly human, whose eyes had lost the look which goes with powers of reasoning.

When he had been asked to take up passengers in the meet to take place at Stanton, and he had agreed, he had supposed that the committee had chosen him to carry passengers because they believed that, in spite of his accident, he was surer and safer than the others. It was not till now, at Stanton, as the crowds were already filing through the entrance gates, and he caught from the chatter about the hangars the political gossip of the campaign centering upon the city, that he realized he was being played up as careless and risky—that to fly with him involved more danger than to fly with either of the others.

This angered him, waked in him a deep, slow resentment. There was no greater danger in going up with him than with the others—there was less. The newspaper men of the "Express" must have been able to see as much as that at the flights at Portland, and to know it from his record before Alameda. They were deliberately misrepresenting him and playing up his single failure, out of all proportion, for the benefit of their man who was going to fly with him.

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The Age of Innocence



By Sir Joshua Reynolds The Sistine Madonna

By Raphael

## IMPORTANT OFFER—FREE

In order to distribute quickly a limited number of introductory sets from the first importation of "The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art," we shall make a very remarkable offer of a choice of the beautiful hand-colored pictures: Sir Joshua Reynolds' charming child portrait, "The Age of Innocence," Raphael's world-famous masterpiece, "The Sistine Madonna," or Millet's well-known picture, "The Angelus," with each set of the "Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art." Each of the above premium pictures is in special hand-coloring by one of the most expert New York colorists, and measures 30 x 24 inches, completely mounted in a double overlay mount, ready for the frame. "The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art" is not only the most artistic collection of the world's greatest pictures I have ever seen, but it is a work of the greatest educational importance," says a member of the Vassar faculty. "It is just such a work as is needed in every refined home today," said the late Mr. John La Farge, the great authority on art. The Collection is undoubtedly the most important and beautiful art work ever imported from Europe.

### INTERESTING POINTS

- 1.—"The Ideal Collection" comprises perfect reproductions in the famous Mezzogravure process of 60 plates of the world's accepted masterpieces in painting, which, chronologically arranged, afford a visual history of art from the earliest period of the Renaissance until the present time. It is a work of monumental importance.
- 2.—Many of the leading art galleries of the old world have been carefully searched for their pictorial treasure, to be reproduced in "The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art."
- 3.—Each one of the 60 pictures in "The Ideal Collection" is on plate-marked, hand-made India tint paper, measuring 15 x 20 inches.
- 4.—Each reproduction of a great masterpiece is accompanied by a 600-word Descriptive Article by a leading art critic of America or Europe, printed on vellum paper the exact size of the picture described.
- 5.—Each Ideal Collection is accompanied by a Chart of the World's Art, which has been called by a leading American educator, "The most helpful thing I have ever known in the study of the world's art."



Mater Consolatrix  
By Bouguereau

### IT IS ESTIMATED

that the original paintings from which the sixty plates comprising "The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art" were taken, if placed on sale today, would sell for a cash total of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. This is easily understood, as "The Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art" comprises perfect reproductions of the great masterpieces of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Rubens, Van Dyck, Watteau, Millet, Corot, Meissonier, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, Watts, Stuart, Whistler and many others of the world's greatest masters.

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[illegible]

The red-striped biplane now seemed spiraling downward. Cragin looked at his watch. Ten minutes, at a guess, for Drozier to come down, fifteen more, maybe, on the ground—then he would go up with that man who saw only a coffin in the crowd about the field.

"Jim," said Hannan sweetly to Carrick, "did you know that they didn't have a band at Alameda?"



# ALCO

## Motor Trucks

### How to Judge a Motor Truck

**B**UYING a motor truck is like hiring a man. You are not interested in the color of his eyes, the tilt of his nose, or his height and weight.

You want to know what this man has done and what he can do.

Just so with the motor truck.

It's what a truck will do that interests you.

Price alone sells few trucks. It's what you "get for the money" that sells them. In other words *value*.

Four things determine value in a truck.

One of them is *good design*.

The only sure way to tell good design is by results.

If a truck is not well designed the owner soon knows. If it is well designed, and if he can use more trucks in his business, he buys more of the same make—naturally.

Thus you may judge a truck by the number of repeat orders or re-orders.

In the case of the Alco Truck 62 per cent. were purchased on repeat orders. Nine-tenths of this number are in the service of firms and corporations listed in Bradstreet's at over \$1,000,000.

Before purchasing, many of these large firms carried on extensive experiments to determine which motor truck was best. If only one Alco had been purchased by each of these concerns, its place among motor trucks would be clear. But each of these bought more than one. The American Express Company has 40; the Gulf Refining Company 16; Gimbel Brothers 13; the Long Island Express Company 10; and so on.

Among some the Alco has been accepted as the standard—all future purchases will be Alcos.

The second point on which value depends is the *experience* of the manufacturer.

Good design means little unless experience in building is back of it. The thing to know is "how long has the manufacturer been building trucks." "What does the manufacturer know about the problems of transportation?"

For the American Locomotive Company, builders of the Alco Truck, the experience began in 1905. The Alco Truck was marketed in 1908. The experience of the American Locomotive Company in problems of transportation dates back to 1835 as movers of the world's goods.

The problems of the locomotive and the problems of the motor truck are parallel. One is a power driven vehicle running on rails. The other a power driven vehicle running without rails.

The experience of the American Locomotive Company, as builders of the Alco Truck, is rare.

Value is again determined in the *way the truck is built*.

Little does it matter how well a truck is designed if it is not well built. It becomes a consideration of factory and factory equipment.

The Alco factory represents a very large investment in equipment. In it are built 95 per cent. of the parts of the Alco Truck. It has the most complete heat treating plant of any motor truck factory in the world. It has large chemical and physical laboratories to analyze and test the metals that go into the Alco Truck. In special and automatic machinery the investment is particularly large. Many of the tools are not tools in the ordinary sense of the word, but are fine instruments—like those of a surgeon—and are kept in flannel when not in use.

In this factory is the largest drop hammer in the world. It weighs 250,000 pounds.

The fourth consideration in determining value—and one that is most decisive—is the *responsibility* of the manufacturer.

The safest thing in the world to buy is reputation. Buying a truck from a manufacturer without reputation or responsibility is like making a loan without security.

The American Locomotive Company is capitalized at \$9,000,000. It dates back to 1835 as mover of the world's goods. It has built 50,000 locomotives. Its reputation is indelible.

These four considerations—Good Design, the Experience of the Manufacturer, Good Building and the Responsibility of the Manufacturer—provide an "acid test" for judging a motor truck.

There are a few trucks that can stand this test.

Of these the Alco Truck is one.

You should investigate the Alco for one vital reason, if for no other:—the *latent* experience—of its builders in manufacturing power driven vehicles.

The Alco line is in four sizes: 2 ton, 3½ ton, 5 ton, and 6½ ton. Special timesaving and labor saving bodies can be built on the Alco chassis for various lines of work.

The new Alco catalog tells you what the Alco trucks are doing in many lines of business in many cities, possibly in the same business as yours. It is a 64 page book. Write for it today.

### AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1884 Broadway, New York

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